

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2848.—VOL. CIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



"LES ROIS," SARA BERNHARDT'S NEW PLAY AT THE RENAISSANCE THEATRE, PARIS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The refusal of the miners to submit to arbitration, and their explanation of it—"that it is always given against them"—has, not without reason, destroyed much of the public sympathy that would otherwise have been felt for them. The only class who have shown a similar dislike to this mode of settling a dispute has been (as might have been expected) the lawyers. The one English judge who was wont to recommend this peaceful course was not a very strong one, and his doing so was maliciously ascribed to not knowing how to settle matters any other way. The wags at Westminster dubbed him "the common friend." Lord Dun, an ornament of the Scotch Bench, favoured it, however, from a higher motive. He was a very religious man, and when a difficult case came before him was wont to murmur, "Eh, Lord, what am I to do?" and then to add aloud, "Eh, Sirs, I wish you would make it up."

A hundred years ago it was only when near a canal that a colliery could be worked at all, and a contrary wind would keep the London market almost bare of coal. On one particular day (April 15, 1799) only one shipload had arrived for the metropolis, when the price of coal was eighty shillings per ton. As a general rule, however, it was rarely half that cost, or exactly what we have seen it quoted within the last few days.

People write to me about everything under the sun, though they could hardly come for information to a less encyclopaedic person. Neither a doctor nor a lawyer, nor even a phrenologist is kept upon these premises to assist me; still, I do my best to satisfy inquiring friends. What I do object to is being asked to decide cases of conscience. A correspondent wishes to know how it is that he cannot subscribe to one of the commonest rules of morality. "When I hear," he says, "respectable people talking about 'the sanctity of human life' in the persons of the savage and the cruel, it sometimes makes me feel very wicked; they seem to me not pious at all, but only sanctimonious, and that is, of course, a wrong view to take of them. My own disposition is mild in the extreme; I belong to that considerable sect who would not hurt a fly; and yet when I examine myself 'well and truly' (like a jurymen) I feel that I think nothing of killing a good many people. Not, indeed, except in extreme cases, that I would do it with my own hands: persons of the Phelan type I could accommodate even to that extent; and with much pleasure; but, as a general rule, I should prefer a deputy. As to ridding the world of its monsters, however, I cannot understand anyone having a thousandth part of a scruple about it. I know nothing of colonial questions, but I read that 'for half a century or so the Matibele nation has had no other trade than rapine and murder,' and that they 'exult in human misery.' I have also seen pictures of their transacting business, and I protest, with the best intentions possible, that I cannot weep at the sight of these most objectionable persons, whether by machine-guns or otherwise. That they are careless of their lives is to the credit of their intelligence; it doubtless teaches them that they are worthless; but I do not the least admire them on that account; on the contrary, so far as it makes them difficult to kill, it seems to me all the more deplorable. A well-known writer has defined for us the two great tests of civilisation as (1) the sanctity of human life, and (2) good roads. Am I altogether wrong in confining my adhesion to this opinion, under certain circumstances, to the roads?" I really cannot answer this correspondent. I am not the Colonial Minister. I see the headline, "The Matabele Overcome by Maxims," and am content to believe that they have shown themselves amenable to moral suasion.

The great Chang has joined the majority. He was eight feet high, so let us hope he did not "die by inches." Most giants, fortunately for us small fry, are very good-natured. They are not like our pugilists, who, when not professionally engaged, "keep their hands in" by pummelling the general public. Their weakness is generally at the knees. I knew a connoisseur in giants who discovered one at Cremorne Gardens without this peculiarity, and in an evil hour flattered him. "You are a fine fellow," he said; "you should not allow yourself to be exhibited with the straight-haired negress at sixpence a head. You should have more self-respect, and insist upon a separate show all to yourself." "But do you think our proprietor," said the giant, "will agree to that? His temper is short." "Yes, but his head is long: he knows your value." Advice gratis was, in this case, a misnomer, for the next day the giant arrived in a cab—half in and half out of it—at my friend's house. "I did as you told me," he said, "and have got the sack, so I must stay with you till I get another place." One has heard of entertaining angels unawares, but that is a very different matter from having a giant drop in unexpectedly. My friend always spoke of the ten days during which that incursion lasted as the most terrible experience (in housekeeping) of his life.

There has been no subject concerning which more lies have been told than about giants. Until it was found that modern men could not be squeezed into the armour at the Tower, it was taken for granted that we had degenerated in size. This is not only not the case, but in the matter of giants we have the advantage of our predecessors. The Emperor Maximilian, indeed, was said to have been 8½ ft. high, but ancient mensuration, especially in the case of an Emperor, is not to be trusted; indeed, from its not having made him taller, it is certain that there was no one else nearly so tall. Orestes, it is true, we are told, was 10 ft. long—after death; but he was not thought so highly of when alive; we may reasonably take 8 ft. as his ultimatum. Now, Chang was 8 ft., and I read that there are two giants at present going about in English caravans who exceed that altitude.

A prize has been recently given by a cheap periodical for the best sensational intelligence useful for headlines or a newspaper bill. The result is anything but meritorious on the score of good taste, for the winner has not scrupled to kill off the most eminent living personages—all for a guinea; but it is curious how well he has gauged the public interest by confining himself solely to home subjects. In the whole list of his imaginary occurrences there is not one which takes place on foreign soil. It is not that we have no feeling for the misfortunes of aliens—which, indeed, is proved by the readiness with which we subscribe to remedy them; but they do not shock us in anything like the proportion that the same catastrophe would do at home. It is not distance that destroys our sympathies, but the want of familiarity with the persons concerned: the United States are far away, but the troubles of our American cousins affect us far more than those of the Continent.

The explosion at Santander is probably the most terrible event of the kind that has ever happened. Every person of feeling is moved by it and would willingly give help to the victims, but it has happened in Spain, which is not only considerably removed from us, but is a country of which English people know very little. If it had happened at Boulogne, and three hundred persons instead of six hundred had been destroyed by it, it would have appealed to us with greater force; if it had happened at Portsmouth, and but sixty had perished, we should have talked and thought of little else for a fortnight. In the face of these facts it is curious to hear people expressing their wonder that the fiction which deals with foreign scenes is never so attractive as that which concerns itself only with England and the English. Those who acknowledge it, and contemptuously accuse us of "insularity," seem to be unaware that the same limitations exist in every country under heaven, whether it is insular or continental.

The great Doctor Johnson was not partial to a maritime life. He said that being on shipboard was as bad as being in prison, with worse company, and the chance of being drowned. But even this picture of nautical existence sinks into insignificance compared with the dangers to which those who make their business in great waters are nowadays exposed. A berth on board a fire-ship used to be thought a little hazardous, but on board the ill-fated vessel that blew up at Santander, and half Santander with it, were, we read, no less than fifty tons of dynamite, a cargo of candles, oil, and spirits, and twelve tons of sulphuric acid. It is probable that only a few of those who sailed in her were aware of what she carried, or they would scarcely have enjoyed their after-dinner pipe.

An ex-policeman, who has taken to literature, applied to a magistrate the other day for a protection order against his wife, who "interferes with and discourages his literary labours." The magistrate very properly declined to interfere. No doubt the man wanted to write detective stories, with which, in consequence of the success of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, we are just now inundated. I only wish that not only ex-policemen, but ex-professional folks of all kinds, could be hindered by their wives—or somebody—from taking to literature. People who have failed in everything else go into it now as they used to do into the wine trade. It is a comfort to know that their wives and families are generally inclined to discourage them. This is often the case even as respects those who take to letters from the first. The critics on the hearth are the severest critics of all, and can seldom be persuaded that their gifted relative can write anything, as they bluntly express it, "worth reading." There have been some wives of literary men, we are told, "so vain of the abilities of their husbands that they have been insufferable"—except to their husbands; but they have not often erred in this direction. Disraeli the elder tells us he had seen an album with the following dedication signed by a man of letters, who for his own sake shall be nameless: "From the Goat Tavern in the Strand, London, Nov. 27; in the thirty-fourth year of my freedom."

An exhibition, I read, is about to be opened to offer "a market for manuscript material," and "to resuscitate the

pamphlet." It is not clear to what sort of manuscript this statement refers, but if they are literary contributions the market-place should be spacious, and wagons be provided for their removal. Why anybody should want to resuscitate the pamphlet is not so obvious; but perhaps this is an indirect consequence of the failure of fuel. The exhibition will apparently consist of three rooms, of which the third need not be very expensively furnished, as it is to be devoted to "Conversation." One knows a good many people who go to an exhibition for conversation, but that is for use on subsequent occasions; table talk. I notice, however, that modern advertisements of houses have ceased to speak of "living" or "reception" rooms, and describe them as "entertaining" rooms; it sounds attractive, and in these automatic days it should be easy to make one's room at least as entertaining as one's company.

A few people may talk prose without knowing it, but a good many more are pestilent heretics without being the least aware of it. I remember a young fellow with whom at college I had many arguments on "fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute," coming to me one day in the highest spirits because he had discovered he was a Somethingarian. It was such a comfort to him that he belonged to a community, even though they might be all wrong. This desire to be attached to some sect or another is in youth almost universal; you seem to be right from the start. The first two Positivists, when they began to differ, must have felt their position keenly. Females, in particular, are averse to finding themselves left out in the cold as regards their spiritual condition. A young lady relative of my own was horrified the other day by being informed that she was an Onchyophagist; it was a denomination of which she had never heard, and it gave her a terrible sense of isolation. She was but a schoolgirl, poor dear! and thought that she might be the only onchyophagist in the world. By the help of a Greek lexicon I was enabled to assure her that it was a very numerous sect. But should these long names be used to express such very common things? An onchyophagist is a person who bites his nails. A doctor has discovered that when girls do this they are in need of professional attendance; but he would probably say the same of girls who did not bite their nails. It is merely the addition of one more dangerous disease to the long list of which flesh has been declared the heir within the last few years. The practice of onchyophagy, we are told, shows that "the nervous centres are disorganised"; our less instructed ancestors used to attribute it to "temper."

Another Anglo-Indian story has been given us which is not all flirtation and tiger-hunting. The example of painting the natives not entirely black, set by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has been followed by the authoress of "Miss Stewart's Legacy," though she cannot be accused of sharing the ecstasies of those parliamentary globe-trotters who use rose-colour. It is a good story with plenty of incident, but one cannot but complain of the unnecessary delay of the happiness of the heroine. In some cases this is caused by the supposed necessity of a novel being in three volumes; but with some female writers it seems to be a point of honour to make their heroines put off their marriage to the last moment consistent with respectability. Perhaps this is done as a protest against another class of female writer, who makes them a little too eager for a husband; or, perhaps it is a new canon of literary "art," which one ought to be ashamed of oneself for not being acquainted with.

It is an unusual circumstance to find a prolific author giving his readers an excess, or even a sufficiency, of incident. This is a material of which novelists are often lavish in their youth, but generally live to regret it. They wish in their maturity that they had not given so much material, some of which would now come in exceedingly handy, and be also much better remunerated. They have been likened to extravagant cooks, who, moreover, suffer in their own pockets. It is, therefore, much to the credit of a popular writer when there is not only no lack of incident in his novel, but also quite a new and original plot. This has happened in the case of "The Emigrant Ship," by Mr. Clark Russell. The author—who writes, as usual, autobiographically—has adventures enough and to spare before he finds himself the only man on board ship with seventy young female emigrants; but it is that unparalleled position in which the reader finds him throughout the third volume. It is like Tennyson's "Princess" transferred to shipboard, and quite as romantic, though by no means so poetical, a story. There are a good many cooks and housemaids among the emigrants not only in search of a "place" but a husband, and the gallant captain finds them a little difficult to manage. It is a narrative which one would like to see adapted to the stage by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The characters in the novel are not, however, confined to the female sex. The two villains, Cadman and Fletcher, are well drawn, and Brigstock, the would-be coloniser and constitution-maker, is really a fine creation.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

It is the fate of this Government to incur Mr. Labouchere's severe displeasure. After making a long speech against the Chartered Company of British South Africa, against the Matabili war, and more especially against Mr. Rhodes, whom he described as a common swindler, Mr. Labouchere was so dissatisfied with the tone of Mr. Sydney Buxton's reply that he angrily suggested massacre to be the inevitable outcome of Liberal policy. This outburst drew from Mr. Gladstone one of those gently phrased rebukes which he not uncommonly addresses to the member for Northampton. It was the Prime Minister's duty in his purely paternal capacity to admonish the bad boy of his party and reward the good. He reprimanded Mr. Labouchere for the habitual employment of exaggerated language, and he extolled Mr. Sydney Buxton as a worthy representative of a highly respected name. He drew a picture of Mr. Buxton's grandfather smiling approval on the Colonial Under-Secretary, and it was so vivid that the eyes of members wandered involuntarily towards the roof, as if they expected to see the spook of Grandpapa Buxton dropping benedictions. Then Mr. Gladstone recalled the Kaffir war of the year 1833 or thereabouts, and reminded the House that he had then advocated a trust in colonial responsibility rather than in the infallibility of Downing Street. Whenever Mr. Gladstone strikes the note of "Tis Sixty Years Since," everybody knows that criticism is vain. What is the use of contending with this prodigious memory of events which happened before her Majesty's present Commons were born, or when they were in their swaddling clothes or pursuing hoops with the happy unconsciousness of boyhood? So Mr. Buxton tried not to look like the virtuous youth who has received the plum-cake, and Mr. Labouchere glowered with unconcealed disgust in his corner seat below the gangway, where, I may remark in passing, Mr. Acland sometimes ensconces himself, as if to breathe the reinvigorating atmosphere of irrepressible Radicalism. Mr. Bartley or Viscount Cranborne ought to keep a vigilant eye on this habit of the Minister of Education.

After Mr. Labouchere's foray came one of the critical junctures in the history of this Government. Mr. Walter McLaren, a much respected follower of Mr. Gladstone, had proposed a new clause in the Employers' Liability Bill, with the object of enabling workmen who are in the enjoyment of an insurance fund to contract themselves out of the Act. The Home Secretary met this with a point-blank negative, on the ground that the principle of "contracting out" was inconsistent with the Bill, and thoroughly pernicious. It was clear that the difference of opinion in the Liberal ranks threatened Ministers with defeat. A troop of members representing constituencies in which the influence of the London and North-Western Railway is strong broke into open revolt. The men in the employ of that railway corporation have an insurance fund which they prefer to the prospective benefits of Mr. Asquith's Bill. A victory for Mr. McLaren would not have been followed by the abandonment of the measure, but the Government would have received a very serious check. Perhaps it was the prolongation of the debate which saved them; perhaps it was Mr. Burns's speech. The member for Battersea has many faults as a Parliamentary orator. He does not concentrate his matter, and his sentences are sometimes interminable. But he has a rough sincerity and a ready humour which are appreciated on both sides. His point was that "contracting out" would be fatal to the Bill, for the main object of employers' liability was to prevent accidents, not to compensate workmen. He quoted figures to show that insurance in all countries has the effect of increasing the mortality of workmen by lessening precautions. In the end Mr. Asquith was victorious by a majority of nineteen, and the Government emerged in safety from one of the tightest of the tight places which have diversified its progress from the earliest moment of its existence. The Opposition disguised their disappointment by murmuring, "No matter! A time will come in the House of Lords!" Whether Mr. McLaren and the Liberals who voted with him enjoy the prospect of backing the House of Lords in a conflict with the Commons on this question I cannot say.

But employers' liability, as Mr. Bartley says, is not an affair of partisan politics, and it is pleasant to assume that both sides are engaged in the single-minded endeavour to make the Government Bill as statesmanlike as possible. The debates are carried on chiefly by the lawyers, with an occasional inroad by Mr. Gibson Bowles, who discourses on the subtleties of terminology. The lay mind gets a little

confused in this conflict of technicalities. Mr. Gibson Bowles's mind is quite clear, but then he has commanded a yacht, and can tell the House that the idea of subcontracting originated with Jethro, who advised Moses to appoint captains of the Israelites instead of trying to manage them all himself. But to the average member the Solicitor-General has to explain many things—such as that "premises" in legal phraseology means not merely buildings, stone walls, and so forth, but everything on and under the earth and sea. This is a surprise to Mr. William Allan, who wanted to know where the "premises" would be if he were engaged in building a jetty. "In that case," said Sir John Rigby, "they would be on the spot where you drove in the piles." The absence of partisanship was agreeably illustrated when Mr. Matthews, after a vigorous onslaught on Mr. Asquith, was followed by Sir Julian Goldsmid, staunchest of Liberal Unionists, who suggested that Mr. Matthews had attacked the very principle of employers' liability for which he was responsible in the happy days when he was himself a Minister. But the interest of these amiable bickerings pales before the phenomenon of an Oriental prince in the gallery of distinguished strangers listening to the eloquence of Sir Edward Hill. I am a tolerably brilliant object myself, but I was thrown into the shade by the magnificence of the Eastern magnate, who shone like polished gold. This dazzling stranger had sat unmoved when the eminent lawyers were pounding away, but when the deep and sonorous accents of Sir Edward Hill were heard, a

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE COLLIERIES STRIKE.

The collieries strike has continued in various districts nearly sixteen weeks, and its deplorable effects, both in the acts of violence, outrage, and riot which have in some localities been provoked by this contest, and in the poverty which has reduced many families of the labouring classes to depend on charitable relief funds, generously provided by their middle-class neighbours, have occupied much space in this Journal. St. Helens, in South Lancashire, is one of those towns where the manufacturing industries, those of glass, copper, alkali, and chemical works, depend on the supply of coal for the means of working, and have been stopped by the colliery strike. It is at such places, more even than in the colliery villages, that the present distress is felt, while their working people have mostly no concern in the rate of colliery wages, and are not consulted by the directors of the strike.

In London, though the general disturbance of trade must affect all wage-earning classes, the enormous and increasing dearness of coal for household use is what tells most severely on the condition of the poor, of those ordinarily living far below the standard of comfort which miners are able to maintain. To anyone who has seen how much better off all the labouring folk in the mining and manufacturing districts are than the London poor, it may well appear that metropolitan demonstrations of sympathy should attend rather to matters nearer home. The meeting of ladies, however, at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 7, was animated by very benevolent intentions.

One of the speakers, Mrs. Dickinson, a miner's wife, made a speech declaiming against the colliery owners as would-be slave owners, and declaring it to be their fault if children were dying for want of food.

MDME. BERNHARDT IN "LES ROIS."

M. Jules Lemaitre, one of the most distinguished of living French critics, has written for Madame Sara Bernhardt a play founded on his novel "Les Rois." The theme of the story is the attempt of a dreamy prince to reconcile his democratic aspirations with his royal authority. His Socialist visions are stimulated by a Nihilist lady, and he is reminded of his regal duties by his wife, the Princess Wilhelmine. In this character, Madame Bernhardt has achieved another triumph. She is represented in our Illustration at the moment when Prince Hermann shatters his hopes of democracy by ordering the guard to fire on the people who are rioting under the palace windows. M. Lemaitre's story owes a good deal to the sensational history of the Crown Prince Rudolph, whose suicide or murder remains one of the mysteries of our time. In the play, Hermann is shot by his wife just as he is about to fly with Frida, the Nihilist. This tragedy is regarded by his stern old

father, who had abdicated in favour of his son, as a justifiable retribution upon treason, and the old king resumes his reign with the spirit of repression personified by his avenging daughter-in-law. "Les Rois" has been produced in Paris at Madame Bernhardt's theatre, the Renaissance.

GIPSY GIRLS FISHING IN ALBANIA.

On one of the old stone bridges that, over many of the streams of North Albania, still bear witness to the rule of the Venetian Republic, stand two Zingani girls, fishing in the river that tumbles over its rocky bed in the chasm far beneath them. Their fishing tackle is simplicity itself. To the end of a long piece of cord a hook baited with raw meat is fastened, and is tossed into the water without even a float, if the stream is rapid enough to bear up the bait and to keep it from sinking to the bottom. The lake and the rivers of the country are full of splendid fish, and keep many a Skipetar and Slav family from starvation. The curing and export of botargo is one of the staple industries of the villages on Lake Scodra; and in the autumn, or just at the beginning of winter, the scoranzo, small fish not unlike the sardine, appear in great quantities in the little sheltered bays and inlets on the shores of the lake, and are captured and cured for home use and for exportation to Italy or the Dalmatian coast. In some of the larger rivers running into Lake Scodra, magnificent salmon-trout are to be caught, and fish of twenty-five pounds weight, or even more, are often to be seen in the Bazaar of Scodra. At the outlet of the Boiana from the lake is a fishing village, which is regularly farmed out to the fishermen, who spend day and night in its rickety structures during the fishing season.



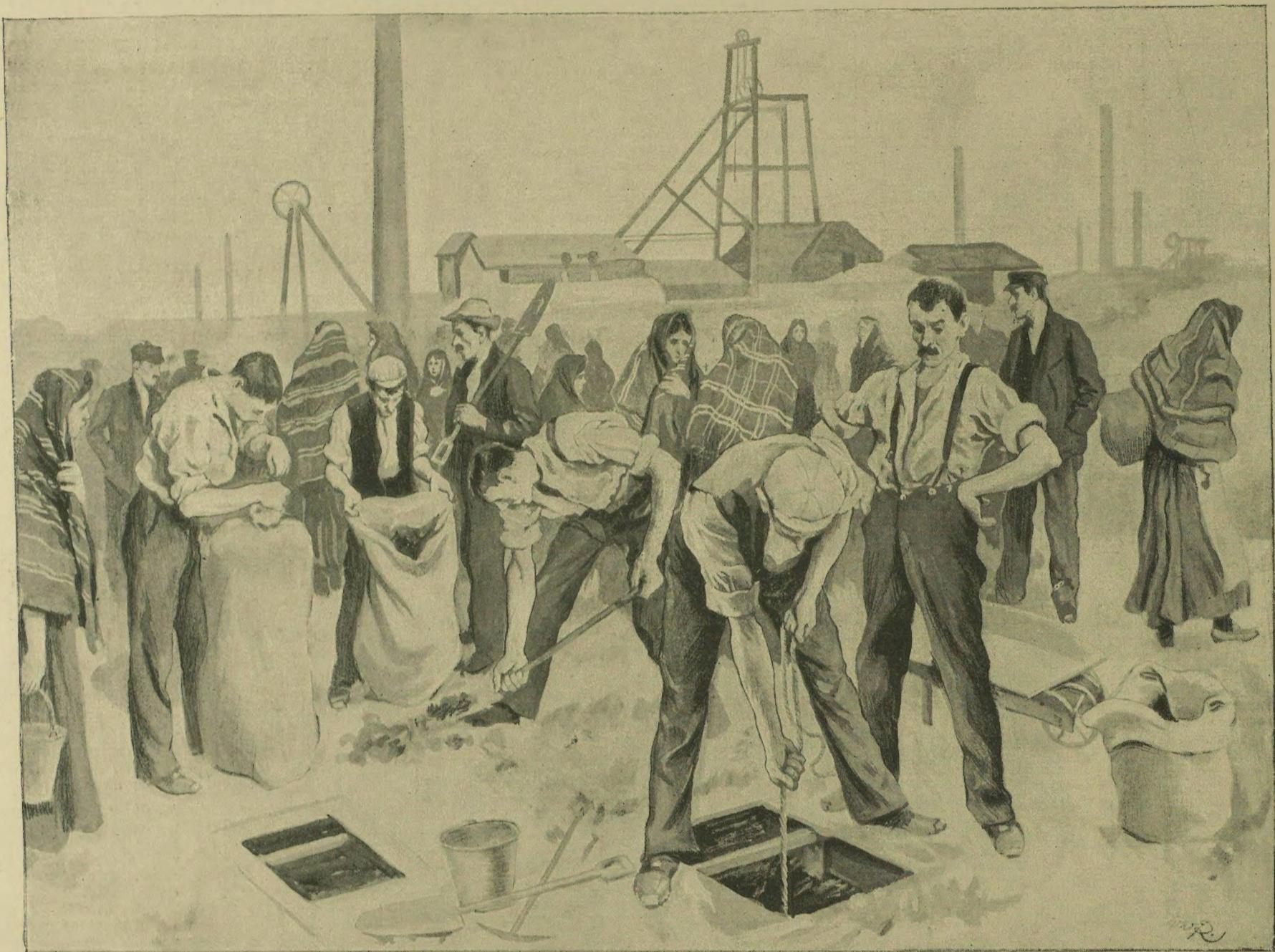
THE COLLIERIES STRIKE: SOUP-KITCHEN AT ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

glittering turban became agitated, a gold elbow rested on the gallery rail, and then a dark excited face bent forward as if the listener were drinking in the sound. Sir Edward was talking nothing save affable commonplaces, but I fancy that the rich elocutionary roll of his voice struck the ear of the Oriental as the only genuine note of imperious authority which he had heard in the debate.

With more paternal fervour, Mr. Gladstone intervened in the coal strike with the proposal that masters and men shall talk it all over again in the genial presence of Lord Rosebery.

Mr. Ruskin's feelings are supposed to be harrowed by a piece of news from Venice. A trial was made recently of an electric gondola, and its success has suggested the idea that before long the canals of Venice will know the gondolier no more. He is to be superseded by the machinery which propelled the boats on Lake Michigan during the Chicago Exhibition. Mr. Ruskin, we doubt not, will laugh this to scorn. There is no resemblance between the Venetian canals and Lake Michigan, and it is quite impossible for electric gondolas to be steered along the watery ways of Venice with the necessary dexterity. The gondolier is probably no more alarmed than Mr. Ruskin. He has claims upon the imagination of the tourist which mere electricity can never have. No intelligent visitor to Venice will charter an electric launch, which he can get on the Thames. The gondolier is indispensable to the associations of the city, as well as to the convenience of locomotion. Moreover, he is often a very handsome fellow, and what sane woman would dream of sacrificing him to a dismal science?

THE COLLIERIES STRIKE.



DIGGING FOR SURFACE COAL.



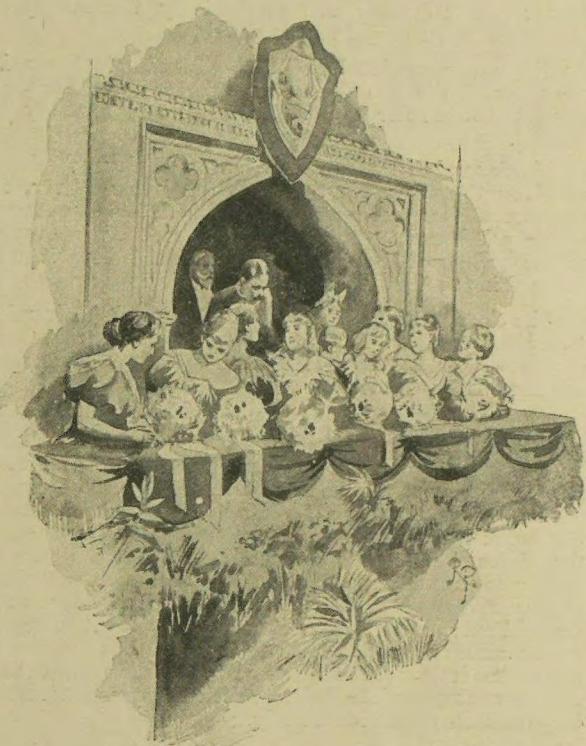
TWO CANS OF SOUP AND ONE LOAF OF BREAD FOR A FAMILY OF TEN.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY: FESTIVITIES AT THE GUILDHALL.



RECEPTION OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN THE LIBRARY.

guests at a raised dais, and the sight, as they passed down the centre, seated lady visitors grouped on either side, was extremely interesting. The reception, which practically ended with the appearance of the Lord Chancellor, was followed by a move to the Banqueting Hall, to which Earl Spencer escorted the Lady Mayoress. The most picturesque sight of all was this magnificent room, upon which Gog and Magog have looked down for so many generations, as it appeared at the banquet. Certainly no other structure in

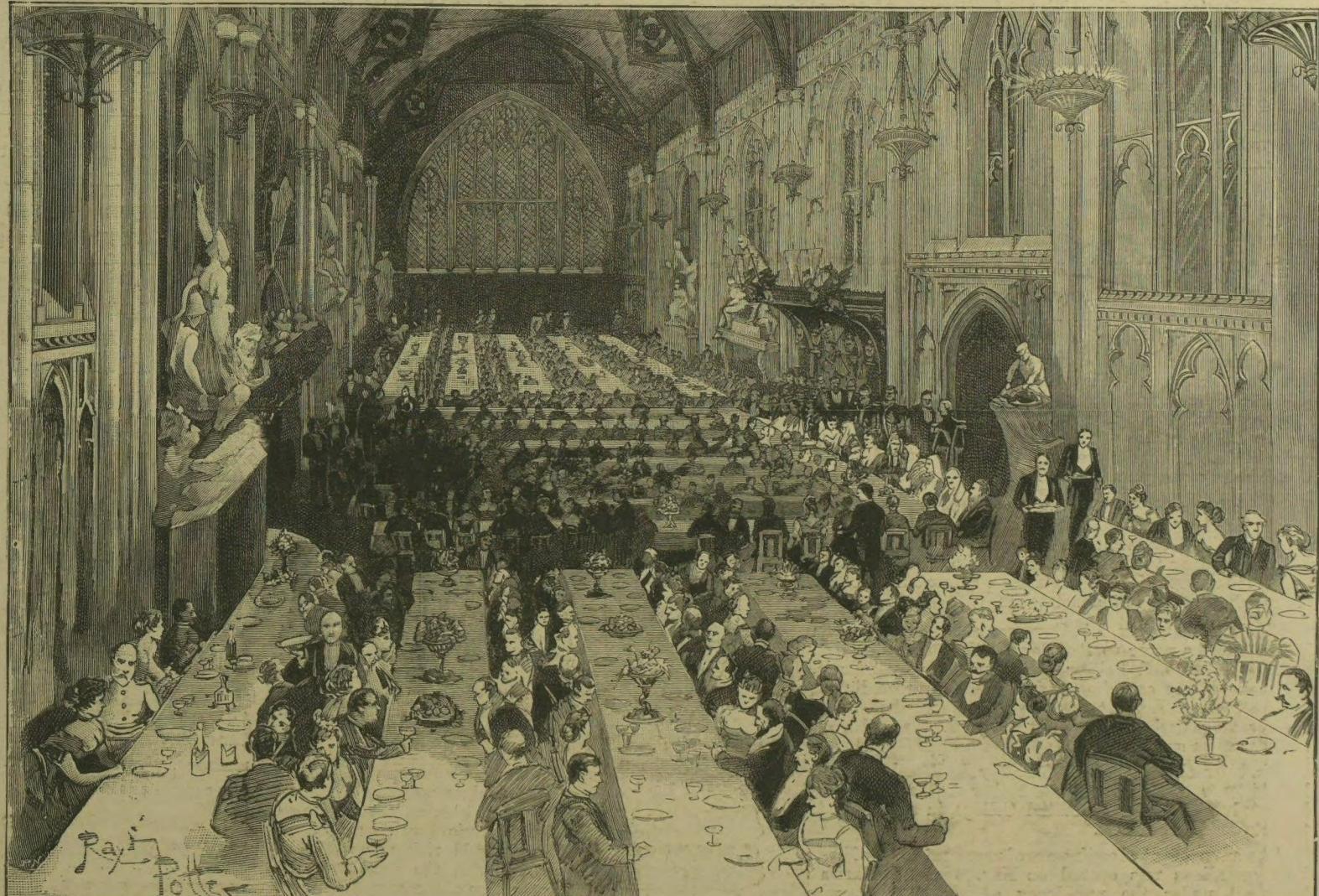
THE LADY MAYORESS'S MAIDS-OF-HONOUR
WATCHING THE FEAST.

England can give such a striking effect, the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House not excepted.

Not the least picturesque elements were the cook (engaged, from an exceedingly elevated rostrum, in carving the baron of beef) and the bevy of beautiful girls—the Lady Mayoress's maids-of-honour—who looked down upon the proceedings from a balcony. The banquet over, the guests returned to the Library, and to the ball which always concludes this historic festival.

To the vast mass of people who turned out on Nov. 9 to witness the Lord Mayor's Procession there must have come a considerable measure of disappointment at the somewhat cheap and tawdry character of the scenic display. Three cars, infinitely inferior to those with which Messrs. Sanger vivify the country villages which they patronise during the summer season, were all that were of any account from the point of view of spectacle. That this kind of thing ought really to be better done or to be abandoned altogether is now the absolute opinion of every intelligent Londoner.

Nothing, however, was wanting to an artistic and picturesque conception of the duties of a great city in the festivities which followed the procession in the evening. In spite of the absence of some of the leading Ministers and rather a dearth of distinguished men, the Guildhall presented an appearance not easily to be forgotten by those who saw it for the first time. In the magnificent Library the new Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Tyler) received his



THE BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL; A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE GALLERY.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is expected on Saturday, Nov. 18, to return from Balmoral to Windsor. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 14, her Majesty and the Court were entertained with a performance of "Fra Diavolo" by the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York have been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Castle Rising.

His Royal Highness Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha joins the Queen at Windsor, and stays in England another week or two.

The Duchess of Teck opened a Palestine village and bazaar at St. Martin's Townhall on Tuesday, Nov. 14, in aid of the funds of the Church of England Sunday School Institute. On the same day the Duchess of Albany visited Fulham, to open a bazaar in St. Andrew's Hall. Her Royal Highness was received by the Bishop of Marlborough on behalf of the parish.

The newly appointed British Ambassador to Rome, in the place of the late Lord Vivian, is Sir Clare Ford, at present Ambassador to Constantinople and formerly to Madrid.

The funeral of the late Sir Andrew Clark was solemnised on Saturday, Nov. 11, in Westminster Abbey, in presence of a large congregation. Mr. Gladstone was one of the pall-bearers. The body was afterwards conveyed to the village of Essendon, near Hatfield, where it was interred in the family burying-place.

The election of Lord Rector of Edinburgh University took place on Nov. 11; Lord President Robertson, Conservative, was elected by 1145 votes against 728 recorded for Lord Reay, Liberal.

On Friday, Nov. 10, the Duke of Devonshire addressed a great Unionist demonstration in the Ulster Hall, Belfast. He contended that statesmen who pretended to deal with Irish affairs, and who had not taken Ulster into account, did not deserve the name. So far as Ulster was concerned, the Act of Union had been a conspicuous success. Though the Unionist party had suffered defeat in the House of Commons on the Home Rule Bill, they had been victorious in the House of Lords. The Gladstonian party were demoralised; on their own showing they ought to appeal to the country on the Home Rule issue, but they were aware that if they did so the verdict would be against them and they therefore intended to raise other questions and to suspend Home Rule indefinitely.

Her Majesty's Government has decided on making a direct effort, not by imposing arbitration, but by the use of its influence for conciliation, to bring the working colliers and the owners and managers of collieries to an amicable settlement of their prolonged dispute. The Prime Minister's letter, addressed simultaneously to the Miners' Federation and to the Coal-owners' Federation, was published on Tuesday, Nov. 14, Mr. Gladstone having stated its purport in the House of Commons at midnight, when the House adjourned from the Monday sitting. Everybody is aware, without reference to the information which has reached the Board of Trade, that this stoppage of the industry has caused much misery and suffering, not only to the families of men engaged in coal-mining, but to hundreds of thousands of other people, whose different employments have been adversely affected by it; and this misery will be aggravated, among all the poorer classes, by the greatly increased price of fuel in the approaching winter. It is also the opinion of Government, now officially announced, that, unless an early settlement can be effected, lasting injury, if not permanent injury, may be caused to the trade of the country. This is a matter of national importance. As the conference of Nov. 3 and Nov. 4 did not result in a settlement, it is proposed to invite the representatives of the employers and the employed to resume negotiations under the chairmanship of a member of the Government; and Lord Rosebery, at the request of his colleagues, has undertaken this duty. He will not assume the position of an arbitrator or umpire, nor will he vote in the proceedings, but will offer merely his good offices to assist the parties in a friendly settlement of the disputed questions. The executives both of the Miners' Federation and of the Coal-owners' Federation have accepted the proposal of the Government; and the first meeting has been convened for Friday, Nov. 17, at the Foreign Office.

Speaking at a Unionist meeting at Harrow, Lord G. Hamilton insisted on the vital necessity, for the very existence of our industries and commerce, of the retention of our naval supremacy. He complained that the Government had done nothing to repair the loss of the Victoria, and said that, unless they were prepared to bring forward a satisfactory programme, it was the duty of Parliament to urge them upon the subject.

The London County Council has resolved to bring the principle of betterment before Parliament again next year in a Bill relating to the approaches to the Tower Bridge; also to seek powers for the acquisition of areas needed for the supply of water to the metropolis.

The Earl of Onslow, late Governor of New Zealand, on Nov. 14, read a paper to the Royal Colonial Institute on State Socialism and Labour Governments in Australasia. He spoke of the experiments in legislation proceeding at the Antipodes. Lord Rosebery presided, and dwelt upon the advantage derived from interchange of views with the Colonies upon such questions.

Mr. Edward Caird, M.A., formerly Snell and Jenkyns Exhibitioner, of Balliol, and late Fellow of Merton College, is elected to be Master of Balliol College, in succession to the late Professor Jowett.

The annual central conference of representatives of Poor Law guardians was opened on Nov. 8 at St. Martin's Townhall under the presidency of Mr. A. Pell, who explained that the conference was held earlier than usual to allow discussion on the Local Government Bill, especially its proposals touching the administration of the Poor Law, which he strongly condemned. He also expressed a

strong opinion that in the agricultural districts there was no excess of skilled or good labour, but rather a scarcity of it.

There is no longer any doubt as to the complete success of the operations in South Africa undertaken by the Chartered Company's forces against the Matabili. A message dated from Buluwayo was received at Capetown from Dr. Jameson, announcing that on Nov. 1 the Matabili, 7000 strong, attacked the Company's column when in laager on the Imbembezi River, but were totally defeated and demoralised, losing at least 1000 men. On the following day Dr. Jameson occupied Buluwayo. Lo Bengula had fled northwards, leaving orders that the royal kraals should be destroyed. His orders were carried out, and 80,000 cartridges and over a ton of gunpowder were exploded. Dr. Jameson sent to Lo Bengula, inviting him to come in, and guaranteeing, if he complied with the request, personal safety and good usage. Three Europeans appear to have been killed in the Imbembezi fight. Colonel Goold-Adams has sent reports to the High Commissioner confirming the fact of the capture of Buluwayo, and adding that he is starting for Buluwayo at once. Khama is reported to have withdrawn his men from the expedition. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is on his way back to Capetown, to confer with Sir Henry Loch and to communicate with her Majesty's Government upon the disposal of Matabililand.

The French Chambers assembled on Nov. 14 for the first time since the general election. The senior member of the House, M. Pierre Blanc, presided over the Deputies, and M. Challemel-Lacour over the Senate. Their speeches were chiefly devoted to the recent visit of the Russian naval officers. M. Casimir Périer was re-elected President of the House of Deputies.

The Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Kalnoky, has gone to have an interview with the King of Italy at Monza, in Lombardy, which is thought to concern the part of Italy in the Triple Alliance.

The negotiations between the Prussian Minister of Finance and the Duke of Cumberland in regard to the administration of the Guelph estate have been concluded. The Royal Public Library and the Guelph Museum will remain permanently at Hanover; the stud at Herrenhausen will be conducted as heretofore.

An attempt was made on Nov. 10 to assassinate M. Georgevitch, the Servian Minister in Paris, at the Bouillon Duval restaurant, Rue des Petits Champs. He was stabbed with a knife by some person unknown, but his wound is slight.

The atrocious crime at the Barcelona theatre is related on another page. More than sixty Anarchists have been arrested in that city, and quantities of powder fuses and Anarchist prints were found. At the house of one conspirator were discovered ten bombs and a quantity of cartridges, powder, and dynamite. A crazed female Anarchist has been apprehended.

A panic has been created at Turin by the outbreak of a fire in the military barracks on the Monte Collina, where large quantities of ammunition are stored. It is feared that an explosion of the powder magazine, containing some two tons of explosives, cannot be averted. A cordon of soldiers has been stationed round the burning pile. The Collina is a hill opposite the city, on the other side of the river Po.

A gunpowder mill at Muiden, near Amsterdam, was blown up on Nov. 14. Of the nineteen buildings of the manufactory, two were destroyed; no fire, however, had broken out. In the ruins two dead bodies have been found.

At Gibraltar, on Nov. 14, a torpedo-boat from her Majesty's ship Rodney, while practising in the harbour, was capsized and sank. A stoker was drowned. The rest of the men on board were saved.

The United States Congress at Washington, or the Senate, is about to discuss President Cleveland's plan to restore Queen Liliuokalani to the throne of Hawaii.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, has entered into negotiations with Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State, for the settlement of the claims of British sealers seized in Bering Sea by United States war-ships previous to the *modus vivendi* of 1891. It is said that the amount of indemnity claimed by Canada will not exceed half a million dollars.

The French war in Dahomey, West Africa, seems likely to be terminated, as King Behanzin has sent in 400 rifles and four cannon to General Dodds, and his submission to the French is imminent.

The fighting in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro between the two factions, the naval squadron of the insurgents, under Admiral de Mello, and the military forces of the President, Marshal Peixoto, is still going on; all the forts were furiously cannonading the ships on Nov. 8, while the insurgents, landing, attacked Nictheroy and the Marine and War Arsenals, but were repulsed. Admiral de Mello has convened a meeting of the insurgent commanders, and has declared for restoring the Monarchy; probably, in the person of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, grandson of the late Emperor Dom Pedro II.



LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS' COMMITTEE BADGE.

The badges worn by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee on Lord Mayor's Day were made of 18-carat gold, richly enamelled in colours, with the shields of the Corporation of the City of London, the Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffs in relief. They were manufactured by J. W. Benson, of Old Bond Street and Ludgate Hill.

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PERSONAL.

The post of Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, left vacant by the death of Dr. Jowett, has been

filled by the appointment of Mr. Ingram Bywater. Mr. Bywater was previously Reader in Greek, and his claims to the Professorship were strongly championed by Oxford men, jealous, a little unreasonably jealous, for the honour of the University. There was a suggestion of a different appointment,

and this excited a good deal of unnecessary feeling. The choice of Mr. Bywater has, however, given much satisfaction to the University, for his reputation as a Greek scholar is not surpassed. He is understood to have prepared an edition of Aristotle's "Poetics," which he is in no hurry to publish. The modesty of Oxford scholarship shrinks too much from publication.

"The Promise of May," as Mr. Punch once facetiously called it—a promise which must have been made to the extent of many millions sterling on behalf of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," and which, unlike the promises of many ladies, is never broken under any circumstances—will be seen no more on any of those welcome "flimsies" issued by the Bank of England subsequent to Nov. 9, 1893. Mr. Frank May has resigned his position as chief cashier, and though rumour has been busy trying to discover the reason why so important and highly paid an official should "send in his checks" (instead of issuing his notes) three or four years before the age limit of sixty-five was reached, it is unnecessary to discuss here the truth or the reverse of the many surmises that have been current. It is only just to remember at this particular time the valuable work that Mr. May has done for the Bank during the twenty years that he has occupied the leading position in the banking world. Mr. Horace George Bowen, who succeeds Mr. May as chief cashier, was born in Trinidad some fifty-two years ago. His father was a valued civil servant in the island, and his uncle presided there as Judge for many years. Mr. Bowen, like his predecessor in the post, passed some of his earlier official career at the branch establishment of the Bank in Burlington Gardens, and some years ago was transferred to the accountants' office in Threadneedle Street, of which he became the chief. If Mr. Horace G. Bowen's signature is not so well known all the world over as Mr. May's, it is agreeably familiar to those of the community who are the fortunate holders of Bank or Government Stocks, for it appears on all the dividend warrants issued by the Bank. Mr. Bowen's appointment has given great satisfaction in financial circles, for as chief accountant he has won golden opinions, not only in the Bank itself, but in the City, and if his name will not serve for a comic contemporary to extract a joke from, it will, doubtless, when exhibited on the admirably woven paper made specially for the Bank, command all the respect and affection which has been bestowed on that of his predecessor in office in every portion of the civilised world.

Mr. F. H. Cowen, whose opera "Signa" was produced amid much enthusiasm last Sunday, Nov. 12, at the

Dal Verme Theatre, Milan, is entitled to special notice from the fact that he is the first English composer to have his work thus introduced to an Italian audience. He was born at Kingston, Jamaica, forty-one years ago. He studied music at Leipsic and Berlin, and had the advantage of tuition from



Photo by Russell and Sons.

MR. F. H. COWEN.

Sir John Goss and Sir Julius Benedict. His compositions have embraced a wide variety of styles. His cantatas "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Rose Maiden," and, latterly, "The Water Lily," and his oratorio "Ruth" have obtained recognition for their musicianly qualities. His visit to Australia in 1888 was very successful, and gave a valuable incentive to colonial music. As the composer of "The Better Land," one of the most popular songs of this half of the century, Mr. Cowen is best known, perhaps, to the great public.

but he has also written delightful music for many other songs besides Madame Antoinette Sterling's favourite choice.

The fashionable wedding this week is that of Miss Lilius Borthwick to Lord Bathurst. The bridegroom, who succeeded to the title only a twelvemonth ago, belongs to one of the oldest Saxon families. It is a pleasing novelty to have an earl whose ancestors did not come over with the Conqueror, but probably did their best to knock him on the head. The prosperity of the Bathursts dates definitely from the time of Elizabeth. They fought valiantly for the lost cause of the Stuarts, and attained the distinction of an earldom in 1772. Miss Borthwick is the only daughter of Sir Algernon Borthwick, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and one of the most popular of our public men. Sir Algernon received his baronetcy in recognition of his services to the Conservative party; but the esteem in which he is held is not confined to any political circle. Miss Borthwick shares her father's taste for outdoor pastimes, and has no small renown on Deeside for landing salmon.

Mr. George Alexander has reopened the St. James's Theatre with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," fresh from a triumphant tour in the provinces. There can be no question now as to the public favour which has been accorded to Mr. Pinero's masterly play; and the critics who declared that such an innovation in the English drama could be judged only by the test of popularity must now submit to the decision which they challenged. The value of a work of art is, of course, in no sense dependent on the voice of the multitude; but in this case art and truth and popular appreciation are at one. Mr. Pinero has victoriously asserted the right of the English dramatist to deal with the realities of life in a serious spirit. This has been misdescribed in some quarters as a revolution, and it is hastily assumed that if Mr. Pinero is justified by public support, the stage must be given up to surgical studies of the seamy side of humanity. It seems to be thought that playgoers are now divided into factions, and that the people who admire "The Second

again with such enthusiasm that Mr. Pinero was compelled to appear once more in front of the curtain in response to a tribute which is rare in the history of the modern drama.

Mr. Francis Parkman, of Boston, who has died at the age of seventy, was one whose studies were expressly directed to the early history of European settlement in North America. That of the New England colonies has been ably investigated and related by other Massachusetts patriotic antiquarian scholars. The chosen field of Mr. Parkman's labours was the wide range of the French inland explorations and conquests, not only in Canada and around the Great Lakes, but also in the vast plains watered by the Mississippi, until within a hundred and fifty years ago. It is probable that, but for wars of European origin, half the Western Continent would have received a French population. The chronicles of those times are highly interesting, and Mr. Parkman, who, after completing his



THE LATE MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN.

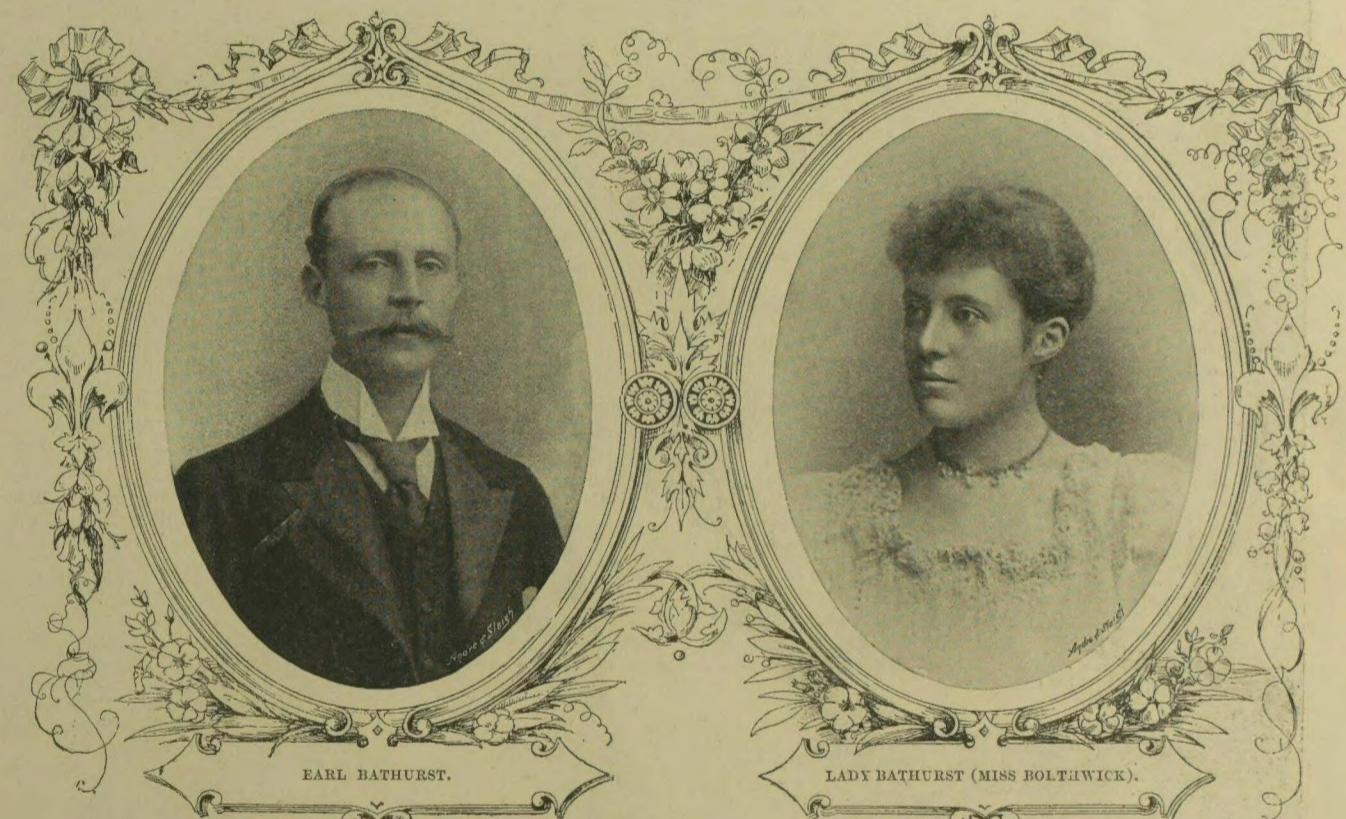


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

"Mrs. Tanqueray" can never be induced to countenance such a piece of excellent fooling as "Charley's Aunt." The truth is that Mr. Pinero has not made any fundamental change in the taste of the playgoing world. He has simply given it a breadth that was sadly lacking. He has enabled it to touch the opposite poles of modern tragedy and of his own delightful fantasies in the region of farce. Above all, he has taught it to regard gravely that side of life which it has been accustomed, time out of mind, to treat spectacularly. There are plenty of pictures of erring womanhood in our melodramas, but Paula Tanqueray differs from them just as the splendid impersonation of Mrs. Patrick Campbell differs from the highly coloured portrait of the lady with a glass of champagne who may be seen at this moment on all the hoardings.

Ripened by study and practice, Mrs. Campbell's performance is now far superior to that which made so great an impression when the play was originally seen at the St. James's. It was in the first act that Mrs. Campbell was weakest. She failed to suggest the charm which had persuaded Aubrey Tanqueray to make so startling an experiment. There was a certain hardness here which was scarcely redeemed even by the wonderful passion of the later scenes. But now the Paula of the first act has all the winning quality so essential to the dramatist's argument. The impulsiveness and waywardness are there, but in addition there is a note of tenderness which makes infinitely touching the conviction that this new life, opening to her out of the lawlessness of the past, will prove her social salvation. The undertone of the tragedy is first heard in this scene, and Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Alexander play it with a depth of feeling which brings out the full resource of the impressive prelude. Mr. Alexander, like his brilliant coadjutor, has gained greatly in force and intensity. Miss Maude Millett's Ellean is more sympathetic than she was. Miss Granville is somewhat too youthful in manner for Mrs. Cortelyon; and Mr. Esmond, clever as his Cayley Drumble undoubtedly is, has not quite caught the geniality of the kindly and sagacious man of the world. But the whole representation is extremely powerful, and it was welcomed

education at Harvard, went to visit the native tribes as far as the Rocky Mountains, while he collected the records of French official rule and of the Jesuit missions, has put them into a form agreeable for modern reading. We have to thank him for much instruction not easily obtained without his aid.

There seems little hope for the safety of Captain Gwyneth Williams, who, in the first pitched battle between the forces of the Chartered Company and the Matabili, was carried off into the bush by his wounded horse. It was impossible at the time to follow him, as the enemy were surrounding the colonial troops in great numbers. Captain Williams's companions hoped at first that he was a prisoner in the hands of the Matabili, but, in the heat of the fight, it is scarcely likely that his life was spared. It must be said, however, in fairness to Lo Bengula, that he protected two white traders who were found at Buluwayo after his flight. Captain Williams was the son of General Owen Williams, and he accompanied Lord Randolph Churchill in the famous expedition to Mashunaland.



CAPTAIN GWYNETH WILLIAMS.



"GRANDMAMMA'S COURTSHIP."

BY R. BEYSCHLAG.



YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

By WALTER RAYMOND

CHAPTER IV.

SIX O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

It was six o'clock at night.

Not that it was dark. March winds had blown themselves out; April showers had laid the dust; and the sun, shining through the humid atmosphere with a ruddy face, was still

high above the horizon. The light glistened upon the wet thatch of Christopher Chiselett's homestead, which stood within a field some distance from the road; and glowed upon the yellow stacks richly ranged round the mow-barton of the Church Farm.

It was six, because the clock in Middleney was striking—

CHAPTER III.

SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Some months had elapsed, and spring was come at last. The moor had forgotten the floods and frosts, and the grass in the meadows was growing long and lush. As to Ashford, Sabina had never bestowed upon him another thought; and as he returned to Oxford a couple of days after his visit to Middleney, it is probable that his sentimental visions quickly evaporated.

It was six o'clock in the morning, and Sabina had been to Ham Mead to fetch in the cows. A white mist from the river hung over the moor, and dewdrops dripped from the willow-trees. Birds were busy mating, and the air alive with love; and as Sabina slowly came alone across the moor, she must needs sing to herself for company's sake.

At the entrance to the village was a homestead known as Lower Farm, now unoccupied and falling into disrepair, for the land had latterly been thrown with Church Farm. The lilac was bursting into flower, and as Sabina passed she sprang upon the low garden-wall and tore off a bough rich in bloom, with a dewdrop hanging to each clove-like flower.

On she came behind her cows into the village street—a creature of the early morning and the open air, rich in vitality, full-throated, rosy like an apple and straight as a willow-wand. She possessed, too, that face of faultless symmetry not uncommon among the humble in the West of England, and affirmed to be a heritage from some early Celtic race.

Just then young Sam crossed the barton and stood leaning against the gate.

The cows went lazily by. Sabina half-smothered her face in the flowers until, having smelt her fill, with extravagant waste of beauty she beat the red back of a loiterer with the lilac-bush, and laughed as the cow leisurely mounted the causeway beside the churchyard wall.

"Za-am!"

"Sabina!"

That was all. But there is a pleasant modulation about a Somersetshire voice which makes this simple salutation very friendly.

Sabina passed on.

For the first time Sam's eyes lighted on her with more than common meaning as he watched her easy erect figure softened in the morning mist. He smiled; stepped into the road; and from the wayside selected a small clod of earth, about so big as a little crab-apple or a bantam pullet's egg, and threw it, striking Sabina fairly between the shoulders on the curtain of her white sun-bonnet.

Without turning she looked back over her shoulder and laughed. It was an attention, and Sabina liked attentions dearly.

And so Sam fell in love.



"Is the pen to your liking, Mr. Chiselett?"

solemnly, meditatively striking, with not more than half a minute between each stroke.

A clock which gave such thoughtful attention to business was never fast. It did not hurry mankind into heart disease, nor fret the human race into fiddle-strings, as does the modern American timepiece. It did not imperatively insist upon telling the time. For, unless possessed of superior power of concentration, the mind was apt to wander and get confused in the counting. However, it was six o'clock; the cows were back in mead, and Christopher was sauntering down the village street. And it was night, because a fine spirit of philosophy pervades the west, and the natives, with intuitive perception of the truth of the Socratic doctrine of contraries, have determined that night is the opposite of morning, and so it was six o'clock at night.

Christopher walked in the middle of the road.

You do not know Christopher. You never knew a man so bow-legged. The breeches were tight, and the legs were the shape of a horse-collar. People who lived in Middleney all their lives confessed, even at the last, that they had never fathomed the depth of that twinkling little double-cunning man, who milked above a score of cows, and had occupied the office of parish clerk for twenty years always with self-respect and to the satisfaction of the parish. Besides, he had money, a goodish bit of money, mind me, and only one maid to leave it to. Imaginative people, like the Grinters, doubtless sometimes exaggerate; but they did talk of "a couple o' thousand poun'."

Christopher was really a very worthy man—but frivolous. Every night since the year twenty-four, and now they were well on in the thirties, had he thus meandered down the road, sometimes glancing back to see if anybody was about, sometimes loitering as if to disguise his errand. But he always disappeared at last in the porch which sheltered Sophia's oaken door.

Every Saturday night in summer, for ten years, had he picked a posy for Sophia to carry to church on the Sunday, wrapt around "wi' a white pocket-han'kercher, because wi' zitten still the hand do get that warm that flowers do drop off in no time." At these did Sophia ostentatiously sniff whenever drowsiness attended a long sermon.

Gilliflowers, warriors, bloomy-downs, and fully a hundred-weight of boy's-love, a herb of pronounced opinions and considerable force of expression, had been sacrificed upon that shrine. Yet nothing came of it but dead leaves. And Sophia was fading too. That was what the parish pointed out. There could be no reason on earth, on Sophia's part, for delay. If Christopher meant anything he should look sharp about it. Sophia was "no chicken."

On the night in question, his attention was suddenly arrested by the dull thudding sound of hoofs beating upon soft turf. With considerable nimbleness he toddled across the road and clambered into a gap in the hedge.

The dissolute old sun, having been out for the day, had sunk still lower and got more flushed. But he took an optimistic view of human life, and tinged it rose-colour.

In the paddock young Sam was holding a roan colt by a halter. The colt had reared, and was striking the air with his fore hoofs; and the man, glorying in the first flush of his fresh activity, was hanging back upon the rope. His hat was on the grass. He wore no coat, and the muscles stood out hard as iron upon the bare arms below his upturned sleeves. By the well at the back of the homestead stood Sabina, her hands upon her hips. Everything was ruddy and enriched. The girl's face, the colour of the roan's coat, and the man's bare arms. Even the water in the rhines and ditches, the veins and arteries of the cold, indifferent moor, seemed turned to blood.

Christopher chuckled. As he afterwards said, to watch young Sam was for all the world so good as a play.

Christopher was an excellent conversationalist. He constantly talked to himself. Comic creases puckered around his eyes and the corners of his mouth turned up and laughed—an internal secretive laugh, which shook his little frame like an earthquake. And the gist of the joke was to look on unobserved.

First he laughed at young Sam.

"Ha, ha, Zammy! You've a-got all your work in, ha'n't ee? Steady, bwoy! Steady, Zammy!"

And then he laughed at the colt.

"Ha, ha, my beauty! You've a-got to come to it, ha'n't ee? Tidden no good! So sure as death, you've a-got to come to it. Now, Zam! Quiet! Pick up your hat! Zo! There, there! Ah, you do both sweat, I'll warrant it!"

Then young Sam led the colt across to Sabina by the well; and she stood by his side and looked at the roan and patted his neck.

It seems scarcely natural, but Sam looked only at Sabina.

And that was the precise moment when Sabina first knew that young Sam had fallen in love.

Christopher, finding the door of Sophia Sharman's cottage open, walked in. She had just popped out for a moment, as widows will; and he carefully took the posy from his pocket of his flop-tail coat, wrapt in a red handkerchief, and placed it in one of the white egg-cups on the dresser shelf.

A hymn-book and the Book of Common Prayer, of fair size and bound in calf, lay upon the table side by side with a pile of clean linen in preparation for the devotions of the morrow. Mere idleness and wantonness of spirit, but not irreverence, prompted Christopher to exchange the prayers for a book of like appearance and dimensions lying on the little round oak table in the corner. Then he contentedly sat down on the settle. Christopher's soul was never so restful as when he had perpetrated his little joke.

The relationship between Christopher and the widow was of the strangest. Middleney was surely the last place on earth in which to expect a Platonic attachment, and yet—here it was. There was no higgling when Christopher bought Sophia's litter of eleven little pigs. Everybody said he bid for them "like a friend." As cousin John Priddle pointed out,

if such a spirit of fair-dealing could ever become universal, there would be an end to all business and the collapse of the British Constitution.

None but themselves knew the secret bond which held together these simple souls—the thread of sympathy entwined around their lives.

Sophia presently returned from her errand, and sat down in the kitchen in the corner furthest from Christopher.

"Sophia."

"Mr. Chiselett."

There followed a pause, and Sophia, taking off her bonnet, smoothed her grey hair, pulled the little cork-screw curls on each side of her placid forehead and settled herself to talk to her guest. She was dressed in black. Since her widowhood she had never discarded it. There are faces over which sorrow passes only to shed a sweetness, and such was Sophia's; but no one guessed the anxious thought beneath that placid brow. For Sophia came to Middleney a widow, from away down the country somewhere; and the curiosity of simple people, however keen, is easily satisfied.

"Have 'ee got 'un, Mr. Chiselett?" she presently whispered.

"I've a-got 'un," replied Christopher, and producing a crumpled bank-note from his breeches-pocket, he placed it upon the table. Sophia took it up, affectionately examined it, and smoothed out its creases with her plump hand.

It was getting dusk, and she rose, went outside, closed the shutters, and shut the cottage-door. The act may appear natural, yet she performed it with a haste indicating a desire for secrecy; besides, frugal people do not burn daylight, and the dusk is light enough to talk by.

She lit a candle, placed a sheet of paper, a small bottle of ink and a quill upon the table. Sophia could read well enough, but she wrote with great difficulty.

"Will 'ee please to write now or by and by, Mr. Chiselett?" she asked eagerly.

"To once," replied Christopher, drawing up his chair. He was a scholar, and tested the nib on his thumb-nail as if he would write with style. His blushing pride in his performance contrasted strangely with Sophia's pale anxiety.

"Is the pen to your liking, Mr. Chiselett?"

"Terr'ble well."

She leaned over the table. Illuminated by a single candle both faces anxiously watched the completion of each letter as he wrote.

My dear John—

Sophia burst into tears.

"What will 'ee please to say?" asked Christopher, nothing being beyond his power as a scribe, although, of course, signing his name was his most flourishing performance.

Sophia could not speak for sobs.

He proceeded with the never-varying formula—

I take pen in han'—how admirably it described the process!—*to write a few lines, hoping this may find you in health as it leaves me at present.*

"Oh, Mr. Chiselett! If anything should have a-happened!" was all she could say. Then she hid her face in her hands, and beneath her breath sobbed again and again. "John! John!"

"No, no. I should a-zeed it in the paper. I do assure 'ee I do look every week." As he spoke the twinkle vanished from Christopher's eyes, and his voice quavered with doubt or tenderness.

"The thought is always a-haunting o' me, day and night, outdoor an' in, that he mid be a-tookt and we never to know it. There's never a strange step down the street; nor a shadow across the path, but my heart do leap and my eyes turn to the door in fear. I'd gie my eyesight for one more look. An' eet one night last week when the win' did rattle the ivy again the pointing-end, there comed a tapping 'pon the window-pane, an' then the thought that he were there. But when I ope'd the door there were nothing but the win' and rain. Some poor bird, mayhap, a-blown from out o' his roost. But my heart 'll harbour the thought that 'twere he zo long as I do live, unless I should hear. I've a-heard tell o' sich things, Mr. Chiselett. Of volk a-comen' to make known they were a-gone. An' there's never a word do come back. Never. What do 'ee think, Mr. Chiselett? Do 'ee think he can be dead?"

With ill-concealed anxiety Christopher rose, fetched a long clay pipe from the top shelf of the dresser, and, having filled it, crossed to the hearth, and bent over the embers of a wood fire. Sophia leaned across the table, took the quill, and in one corner of the note made a tiny straggling cross. It relieved her heart, like the bestowal of a caress. Then, as if the action were too childish, or the love which prompted it too deep to be displayed, she resumed her former attitude and waited.

"I wouldn't rob myself to zend no more, Sophia," replied Christopher, returning to his chair. "Perhaps he've a-left the place—or gone across the water. He talked o' gwaine to sea. I count he've a-gone across the water."

His earnest manner rendered the advice unacceptable. He was thinking only of her, she thought.

"Yes. Zend it," she cried despairingly. "Perhaps it'll come to his han'. An' if not what is it to me? What have 'ee a-put down?"

They returned to the letter.

"Gie 'un my dear love. An' if he could zend so much as a word to ease my heart—"

Christopher penned it in his own quaint phraseology, but did not sign Sophia's name, for fear it should fall into other hands, he said. Then they inserted the note, folded the letter, sealed it with Sophia's thimble, addressed it, and Christopher put it in his pocket.

"Then 't ull go a Tuesday next?" she said.

"Ay, Sophia. A Tuesday next," he echoed. "An' then I'll sell your little sparked cow that's gone a-sue the same time to Langport market."

The woman burst into tears. "I shall never know how to thank 'ee. Never," she said, taking Christopher by both hands.

Then by a tacit understanding the subject was dismissed. Sophia heroically dried her eyes with her apron; Christopher's little twinkle returned, and they fell-a-talking of other matters. How old Sam Grinter had a heart so big as a bucket—and Mrs. Grinter a wonderful head-piece that could really hold two thoughts to a time—and cousin John Priddle, for all his frightened look, could sell a pig so well as any man. For such was the heavenly condition of Middleney that all the folk were friends; and instead of talking scandal, the neighbours were lavish of praise.

"An' I can't never think but what young Zam have a-caught a bit of a inklen' a-ter our Sabina."

"Never!" cried Sophia, her face brightening with a woman's never-dying love of romance.

Then Christopher put on his hat, and she took up the candle to light him to the door.

CHAPTER V.

A SUNDAY.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the parish came straggling out of church, waiting for each other, smiling and chatting under the grateful shadow of the lich-gate and the churchyard yew.

There was really a great deal to talk about.

Young Sam was just-about bucked-up then, and no mistake, in a fire-new suit of clothes from Taunton, blue, with brass buttons, and buckles on his shoes; so that, although he looked a little sheepish, the parish might legitimately indulge in honest pride.

Mrs. Grinter said the coat was a beautiful fit, and turned Sam round to prove that the back was "never in this world cut straight." But Christopher thought it was nothing to speak of—not more than an inch at most—and he offered to run in and fetch the plumb-bob. Sabina expressed no opinion, but stood smiling in a spring print frock, causing Mr. Grinter to call to mind a spicketty poulet he had known in youth.

Then came Sophia, posy in hand, with her books tucked under her arm.

"Massy 'pon me, Mrs. Grinter! Whatever do 'ee think?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Grinter, promptly and with perfect truth.

"Didu' 'ee notice nothen' in church?"

"Nothen' at all. Why, what was it?"

The parish gathered closely round Sophia.

"But didn' none o' 'ee notice nothen'?"

"No. Not more than usual. Nothen' at all."

Sophia drew a long breath and seemed relieved.

"Well, an' 'pon my word! I've a-zot there all to a tremble, for fear somebody should find it out. An' in the Psalms, I were that maze-headed I couldn't stan' to think what I'd a-done. For I carr'd the 'Johnson's Dictionary' to church in place o' the prayer-book. I really must get glasses if it do occur again. Didn' your eye notice nothen', Mr. Chiselett?"

"Nothen' particular," replied Christopher.

"N'eet you, Sabina?"

"Nothen' at all."

"Well, I be glad o' my life that nobody saw. But there, things be come to such a hurry-push these days you can't really stop to look to see what 'tes you've a-got in han'. Beautiful grown' weather, isn't it?"

"Tes. 'Tes zo," they agreed in chorus.

Then as the crowd disperse, Sam and Sabina walked along the causeway side by side. There was nothing remarkable in that, for they had grown up together from childhood; but the parish looked and smiled with the mystery which conveys more than words.

"Come down an' sit in the boat, Sabina," suggested Sam.

"I don't mind," laughed Sabina.

There is little shelter across the broad moor, on which a moving figure may be seen for miles. No woods, no lanes where romances may linger, and the withy-beds, even in summer, are often in water ankle-deep. The river has high banks to keep back the winter floods, with a tow-path all the way to Bridgewater. In those days the trade was considerable, and lazy barges still pass to and fro. But on Sunday all was quiet. The boat, of light draught, and square both at bow and stern, lay in an inlet over which a wooden bridge carried on the tow-path. No lovers on earth could long for a seclusion sweeter or more secure than that afforded by the high banks, with pink cuckoo flowers reflected in the smooth water, which also caught the colours of Sam's blue coat and Sabina's speckety gown. Overhead a lark was singing—and on the topmost twig of an ash-tree hard-by, a thrush, as if his throat must burst.

Falling in love is no joke, particularly in the beginning; and Sunday clothes, especially when new, are a heavy responsibility; and the boat being narrow, they sat opposite each other, for fear they should get creased. Young Sam looked at Sabina. And Sabina looked at the bottom of the boat. For although no word had been spoken, everything was wonderfully changed. The frolicsome freedom of their former intercourse had vanished, and the solemnity of church was nothing to the seriousness of young Sam.

"Come across to the old cottage, Sabina, to-morrow night, when you do drive back the cows."

"I don't mind," laughed Sabina.

"I'll walk down an' wait for 'ee."

"All right. I don't trouble."

"An' we'll sit upon the step and talk."

"What about?"

Certainly, by nature young Sam ran more to strength than conversation, and the simplicity of Sabina's question quite dumbfounded him. Then she laughed. The thrush sang louder than ever, showing how such things may be done; and from somewhere or other his passion found an unexpected voice.

"Sabina," he said. "We never haven't a-walked together, but we've a-bin acquainted all our lives. I've thought a goodish bit about 'ee lately, an' I don't know any

maid I'd sooner zee about my house, if I'd a-got one, 'an I would you, Sabina. If we were to catch a mind to each other, I really don't think there's a soul in all Middleney could have one word to say. For father is terr'ble a-took up with 'ee. And mother said only yesterday that you've a-got the coldest hand for butter-making of any soul she ever clapped eyes upon. And I do really believe we should understand each other's minds like, an' be so happy as the day is long."

Such eulogy delighted Sabina. She blushed and dimpled, smiling all over her face. But thus to plunge head foremost into the consideration of matrimony, without any preliminary paddling to test the warmth of love, was enough to take a maiden's breath away. For a moment she did not answer, but swayed from side to side and rocked the boat in sheer wantonness.

"Ah! You'd soon change your mind, Sam."

"Never. I—"

"You'd zee somebody else to take your fancy and then—Good-bye."

"Sabina, so sure as the light, there isn't another maid—"

"Not in Middleney, Sam. No. If do depend 'pon Middleney I shall be bound to take 'ee for pity's sake."

Rapidly she walked homewards. She had never been in love with Sam, and perhaps was not even now; but his words had raised a strange commotion in her heart which neither thinking nor physical activity could quell.

In the road Christopher, in his smock, was lazily driving back the cows.

Christopher and the boy always managed the milking a-Sunday.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some interesting facts about the fungus which is the cause of the disease familiarly known in infants as "thrush" have lately been published. It appears that the idea is prevalent that lotions of alkaline nature are fatal to the growth of this fungus, and, accordingly, such solutions are usually prescribed by physicians for the cure of the ailment it causes. The fungus, however, has been shown to agree with alkalies, for it grows in alkaline solutions freely; and acid solutions are also favourable to its development. Salicylic acid, however, was discovered to possess properties which are highly destructive to the thrush-fungus, and in actual medical practice the remedy was found successful. The fact

some of the cases described as those of spontaneous combustion in the pages of the medical journals, and to examine carefully into the details of such cases given by medical men. There was one extraordinary case reported from Aberdeen, if I mistake not, and duly illustrated in the pages of the *British Medical Journal*, a year or two ago. This and other instances can easily be verified by a consultation of the files of the medical newspapers. The impression one seems to gain from reading reports of such cases is that it is probable some action or other of the nature of the combustion of human tissues does occasionally take place, the body being consumed, while the surroundings are not affected or burnt.

Professor Lewes, I may add, says that the idea that a human being who had saturated his body with alcohol was liable to spontaneous combustion through the ignition of the alcohol, must be regarded as exploded. Liebig, he reminds us, forty years ago showed that the presence of alcohol in a drunkard's tissues could have no effect, because if a sponge be soaked in alcohol and set fire to, the alcohol burns away, leaving the sponge untouched. It is argued that precisely the same effect would be seen in the case of the human body were it possible for it to contain a sufficiency of alcohol in its ordinary state, and to ignite it. But does the condition of sponge and alcohol present a perfect analogy to that of the living tissues of the drunkard?



His words came wildly, as if they did not belong to him.

Her mockery and laughter maddened him. Not in the sense of stirring his anger, but by breaking down both diffidence and self-control, in the necessity to express his love. His words came wildly, as if they did not belong to him. They broke forth like an unexpected flood, when some river, deep and silent, bursts its bank; and beneath was a note of passion, dangerous and fierce, which startled Sabina with the intensity of its reality.

"Not in Middleney nor anywhere else. I've set my heart 'pon 'ee, Sabina, an' now I do love 'ee better than life. I shall never be able to live 'ithout 'ee. If you did ever wed wi' another, I should hate 'un to the day o' my death. I should wish 'un dead, though it left 'ee a widow—"

"Why Sam! Sam! How you do talk! Enough to frighten anybody."

The girl stared at him in astonishment, then stood up as if to go. But their eyes met, and in a moment he was the honest-hearted Sam of every-day life, whom she had known for years.

"No, no, Sabina. I do love 'ee wi' all my heart!"

"Don't, Sam. Don't. You'll uptip the boat. Hark! Why if that idden six o'clock. I mus' go on."

She caught hold the chain, pulled the boat to the bank, and leapt out. His kisses had brought a deeper colour to her cheek; and her beauty in the sunlight became more brilliant—more exultant. Yet, although she was flattered, she felt afraid, and her first desire was to get away without more words.

"Good-bye, Sam. You go up the tow-path, and I'll go across the ground."

is also chronicled that in the dust of the floors of a children's hospital at Rome the thrush-fungus was found, and the constant presence of the ailment is thus accounted for; while drying, which is naturally fatal to many living organisms, seems to be successfully resisted by the fungus under notice. Experiment shows that, after being kept in a dry condition for four months and a half, it still possessed the power of developing its characteristic and diseased conditions. As in the case of the cholera germ and in that of the consumption bacillus, the influence of sunlight is very marked on the thrush fungus. Exposure to sunshine for seventeen hours results in its destruction, while a thirteen-hours exposure greatly retards its development. Once again, therefore, we receive a practical proof of the hygienic value and importance of light.

I have been perusing a report of the lecture on spontaneous combustion delivered by Professor V. Lewes in connection with the recent meeting of the British Association. This discourse is full of suggestive matter, and is all the more enjoyable to peruse because the lecturer took care to keep his style well within the mental range of the popular audience he was addressing. Professor Lewes regards the occurrence of spontaneous combustion in the human body as an impossibility. His objections to the received notion that this process may occur in animals are founded on various chemical and physical data. The skin arrangements whereby the bodily temperature is regulated, the presence of from 75 to 80 per cent. of water in the body (by weight), and other points are cited in support of the contention that spontaneous combustion is a myth. I think, however, it may be well worth while for Professor Lewes to look up

This is just the point we want settled, and I appeal (in the face of the medical reports) for more light on the matter.

In this connection I may refer Professor Lewes and any of my readers who are interested in this curious scientific question to manuals on medical jurisprudence. That I have at hand as I write is by the late Professor Ogston, of Aberdeen. He gives a curious case which happened in that city in 1869. It was brought under his notice as medical adviser to the Crown in criminal cases. Dr. Ogston, while not favouring the idea of spontaneous combustion *per se*, thinks that there may exist a state of "occasional preternatural combustibility of the body." A woman aged sixty-six, of intemperate habits, was found one night in her house (after having been left alone for an hour) with a very moderate amount of charring of her surroundings, but with a very marked amount of incineration as regards her own body. The source of the combustion was, no doubt, the smouldering ashes of the kitchen grate; but the fact of the literally extensive destruction of the body seemed to Dr. Ogston to point to some unusual conditions favouring its ready combustion. Orfila and Devergé argued that spontaneous combustion might occur. Liebig, as we have seen, denied this view, as did Bischoff. Dr. Ogston gives another case, which also occurred at Aberdeen (1877), in which a woman's body was found under circumstances strongly pointing to a condition of unusual combustibility. Possibly this condition has been mistaken for spontaneous combustion—in each of Dr. Ogston's cases, it will be remembered, there was ignition from the fire—but the subject deserves further investigation, even if it is only by way of confirming the idea that in some cases we do meet with "preternatural combustibility" in place of the spontaneous combustion of the older writers.

SELOUS OF MATABILILAND.

BY HERBERT WARD.

The history of the invasion of Africa is rich in events and kaleidoscopic in the variety of its scenes and changes. At intervals, our attention is directed to all quarters of the continent—to Uganda, then to Dahomey, thence to the north, to the east, and now to the south, to the scene of the English Chartered Company's operations against the Matabili. It is chiefly in connection with this latter epoch in the history of foreign enterprise in Africa that we seek to improve our acquaintance with the famous South African sportsman and pioneer, Frederick Courtenay Selous, the author of "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa" and "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa," the latter work, quite recently published, being a timely production which conveys a highly realistic impression of Matabililand and its inhabitants.

A few days before Mr. Selous' recent departure from England to the scene of action in Matabililand, I had the privilege of passing a day or two with him in his home at Wargrave; and, in the light of recent events in South Africa, it is interesting to recall my impressions, more particularly as it was then upon the eve of the decisive actions which will, doubtless, result in the English occupancy of Lo Bengula's country, where Mr. Selous commenced his romantic career twenty-two years ago. Under the circum-

leisurely against the stream, chatting about the bright prospects of Mashunaland, and relating little incidental experiences, wherein the characteristics of the native African were referred to with sympathetic feeling.

"I first realised the great future in store for Mashunaland in '80," said Mr. Selous during our conversation. "I used to draw mental pictures of the country as it might be fifty years hence. I have always believed in it from the time I first travelled there. In '80 poor Jimmy Jameson was with me on a hunting trip. He was one of the best fellows that ever lived." Here we reverted to the pathetic ending of Mr. James Sligo Jameson's career in 1888, and to the incidents connected with his death, a calamity of which I was a witness, as a member of the Emin Relief Expedition. We had both at different periods enjoyed the comradeship of Mr. Jameson, and the reflection upon his fine qualities and his untimely end filled our minds with sadness. Around us passed the pleasure craft with splashing oars, subdued voices, and rippling laughter. But the momentary delusion, suggested by the recollection of Mr. Jameson's death, which transformed the gay Thames, with its banks of willow-trees and cornfields, into the mighty Congo River flowing through primeval forests was soon dispelled by the inharmonious character of our gay surroundings.

In presenting a brief sketch of Mr. Selous' appearance and personality it may be sufficient to say that he is of

the case in various parts of Africa at the present time where Europeans are founding States. It is a fact, to be acknowledged with sadness, that in dealing with savages at the initial period of establishing themselves, Europeans cannot avoid conflict. The African savage entertains the highest respect for power, and peace cannot be substantially secured until he has received a practical demonstration of his own inferiority. When once the lesson is learned no race is more amenable to the ways and discipline of civilisation than the African. The African bears no malice, he never deliberately harbours the feeling of revenge. When once overpowered and ruled with sympathy and justice, the African adapts himself to the new order of things, and never seeks to trouble his head with rebellious thoughts. There is no adjective in the English dictionary which describes the African character so well as the simple word, careless.

Throughout countless ages the continent of Africa has been the theatre of cruelty and violence; and still the doom of strife weighs heavy upon the dusky children of that unhappy land. At the present time, however, the petty tribal wars give place to more or less combined actions against the white invader. It is to be hoped that the new era now dawning for the African races will quickly constitute a reign of peace, wherein the weak may raise their heads and live unharassed by their more powerful neighbours. In the meantime, however,



SPRINGBOK-SHOOTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

stances, the trifles of ordinary conversation and the casual remarks of a man who has lived more than half his life among African savages and big game are apt to remain in one's mind, and, indeed, they help materially in forming the estimation of a character, conveying as they do the keynote of passing thoughts, and so revealing the true individuality of the man.

"I don't know what class you travel; I find third-class carriages good enough. They're easier going than an African ox-wagon," was Mr. Selous' remark as we left Paddington by the afternoon express bound for Wargrave. From Twyford the two-mile drive lay through a well-wooded country, which suggested the subject of covert-shooting. In reply Mr. Selous shook his head, saying, "It has no attraction for me. I hate anything that is artificial."

Upon reaching Wargrave, we entered the very picturesque residence of Mr. Selous' mother. The bricks of the house are mellowed by exposure to the winds and rains of four centuries, and the outside walls are partly overgrown with creepers. From the broad smooth lawn, which stretches from the French windows to the riverside, a charming view is obtained of one of the prettiest scenes to be found by the Upper Thames. "Yes," remarked Mr. Selous, "it is indeed pretty, very pretty. I like it; but I miss the splash of the hippos and the antelopes."

It was a summer afternoon, the sun shone radiantly upon the rich cornfields, and the placid river was dotted with pleasure-craft; we entered a punt, and proceeded

medium stature, with hair and beard tinged with grey. His right cheek bears a deep scar, a memento of a hunting accident. The expression of his face reflects something of his kindly nature. His voice is soft and musical, and he speaks slowly. His manner is gentleness itself, and one soon learns to detect that sympathy, simplicity, and excessive modesty are prominent features of his disposition. He is of Huguenot descent.

A close scrutiny of Mr. Selous' personality suggests something of an affinity with those of two famous men who have left us. His great love of nature, and the scientific and investigating qualities of his mind, remind us of the eminent naturalist Charles Darwin; whereas in blunt outspokenness, indifference to the opinion of others, and in his love of geographical research, we detect a slight likeness to the late Sir Richard Burton.

I have heard it said that Mr. Selous is a good friend and a bad enemy; whatever his qualities in this respect may be, he certainly is whole-hearted in everything he undertakes. He is a man without pride, and his friendships are in no way influenced by worldly considerations. Here we have the salient, characteristic features of this famous Englishman, who for more than twenty years has lived in the midst of the *ferae naturae* of South Central Africa, and who is the most closely identified of all men in the exploration and pioneering of those lands in South Africa which in all probability are to form a rich and prosperous portion of the British Empire. Unfortunately, the march of foreign enterprise in all countries inhabited by savages is invariably attended by bloodshed. This is

many generations must pass away before Africa ceases to figure as the land which affords the outside world such themes as the romance of travel and the tragedy of war.

SPRINGBOK-SHOOTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Hunting, in most parts of South Africa, finds large four-footed game worthy the sportsman who can ride and use his rifle. Mr. H. Anderson Bryden, the author of "Kloof and Karroo," and of "Gun and Camera," gives a few remarks that may be quoted as suitable comment upon our Illustration, which is from a sketch by Mr. H. Seppings Wright. That elegant species of antelope, the springbok, in former years abounded in millions, covering all the plains and uplands from beneath the Zwartbergen, in the Cape Colony, to far beyond Lake Ngami. In South Bechuanaland and in the Transvaal they have been pretty well exterminated. But they are still preserved in some districts of the Cape Colony and in the Orange River Free State; while towards the Kalahari Desert, and northwards, they are numerous as in past times. On the Botteli flats, says Mr. Bryden, there were always hundreds of them within view of the wagons. They haunt the great salt-pans, which are dried-up lakes; they seem to like those smooth and dazzling bright expanses. The bounding springbok is so swift that no horse, and few greyhounds, can overtake him in a fair chase. A number of horsemen, with the aid of native beaters, may secure the herd by combined driving to surround it and then to cut across the line of flight.



DEMONSTRATION AT ST. JAMES'S HALL ON BEHALF OF SUFFERERS IN THE COAL STRIKE.

MRS. DICKINSON SPEAKING : "The women, as one of the coal-masters had acknowledged, were the masters of the situation."

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.



'THE TOUCH OF SPRING.'—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES.

It can scarcely be maintained that the present exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours will add credit or renown to those taking part in it. As an exhibition of "pot-boilers" from known painters, and ambitious attempts on the part of newcomers, it may find its champions; but in everything which constitutes either a trial of strength or a general effort to sustain the best level of work, the present display is sadly deficient. Whatever may be the cause, it is not satisfactory to find that a society which does not lack support from the public or the profession should give official recognition to much of the work hung upon the walls. One cannot congratulate the President, Sir James Linton, either on his choice of subjects or his methods of treatment. It is in water colours that he has achieved his reputation, and it would perhaps be better for it if he were to adhere solely to that medium. There is a stickiness about his foliage and a want of light and lightness about his work which come out most strongly in that which he apparently regards as the most successful, "Caught" (243), where an amateur fisherman on a high bridge has had the perilous luck to hook a fish in the stream below. As there is a pair of lovers seated on the bank close where the angler must have thrown his fly, one can only admire the boldness of the trout in that stream as well as the confidence of the sportsman, who hopes to land his fish without damage to his tackle. The Vice-President, Mr. Frank Walton, who also sends three pictures, is more successful, and gives two very pleasant and distinct renderings of early summer (103) and late autumn (195), both of which show a very careful study of nature and a more skilful handling of atmosphere than the artist usually displays. Mr. Aumonier's "Sussex Brooklands" (96) is, however, the best landscape in the West Gallery, for it has an individuality which we miss in Mr. E. M. Wimperis's "Watering Horses" (117)—the work of a painter who cannot decide between Constable and David Cox for a guide, and consequently gives as his own work a mixture of theirs. Mr. Somerscales's "Rescue" (130), although in some ways a reminiscence of his Academy picture, has special qualities, especially in the depth given to the sea and the flushing light round the horizon. A little interior with a single figure, "In the Small Hours" (39), by Mr. Robert Christie, Miss Vicat Cole's "Childhood's Sunny Hour" (132), and Miss Donald Smith's "Portrait Sketch" (88) are all works full of promise and not without grace of performance; and Mr. Burton Barber's "Faithful and True" (151), a girl leaning over a deerhound, is one of the best things he

has ever done, and shows that he has at length been able to emancipate himself from the mawkish sentimentality which seemed to be threatening his career. The painting, moreover, of the two heads is as good as the sentiment, and the repetition in the shaggy coat of the hound of the bright colours of the girl's bending head is very effective.

In the Central Gallery a study of a female face, "Adeline" (185), by Mr. Arthur Hacker, is firmly and effectively painted, and there is a certain brilliancy of effect in Mr. Carlton Smith's "Nursery Tale" (194). Mr. Hugh Carter, who reflects more closely than any other Englishman the tone and method of Israels, is exceedingly successful in his "Southwold Shepherd" (204) and some of the studies he has made in the adjoining neighbourhood. Mr. Edgar Bundy's "Coffee-House Orator" (191) is well grouped and full of colour, and, with recollections of the present "club bore," makes us regret the days that are no more. On the other hand, Mr. John R. Reid's "Village Postman" (259), although

Severn's "Keynance Cove" (472 and 533) are good specimens of their respective authors. One little work, "A Study" (509) of a girl's back, by Mr. Cecil W. Rea,



'AFTER THE DUEL.'—ROWLAND HOLYOAKE.

deserves especial notice as showing, perhaps, the nearest approach to complete success in flesh-painting which this exhibition can produce.

Mr. Tom Mann has given up his intention of taking orders in the Church of England. The fact is that the clergy were not enthusiastic about his accession to their ranks. He was pretty plainly told that if he accepted a curacy, it would be his duty to stick to the work of it, and not wander over the country delivering addresses.



'EXPECTATION.'—MADAME RONNER.

(383), an even more striking bit of colouring than his "Dolce far Niente" (99), in the preceding room. Both of them are notes of his recent southern travels, and are marked by that vigour and self-reliance which distinguished his less highly coloured treatment of Cornish life. Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Early Autumn" (219), Mr. F. G. Cotman's poetic rendering of "Whitby" (223) enveloped in a sea-haze, two poetical sketches by Mr. V. P. Yglesias, "Canterbury from St. Martin's" (281) and the "Golf Links, Deal" (283); Mr. Hope M'Lachlan's "Sheepfold" (308), Mr. Ernest Waterlow's "Stonehaven" (337), and Mr. Robert W. Allan's "Gathering Whelks" (353) are among the most attractive landscapes and seascapes. Among the figure-pieces Mr. Melton Fisher's "Southern Belle" (342), Mr. John Scott's "Peddler" (303), Mr. Shannon's group of his wife and child (291), and Mr. Frank Dadd's "Well Met" (294), one of the best humorous pictures in the exhibition, are all well worthy of notice. In point of painting, however, there is nothing which approaches M. Fantin Latour's "Delphinium Imperiale" (350), a mass of purple and white flowers, of which the tones and gradations of colour are rendered with consummate skill.

In the East Gallery Mr. H. J. Stock's "Heaven lies about us in our Infancy" (440) is not a successful attempt to imitate some of Mr. Holman Hunt's least attractive qualities. Mr. George Wetherbee's "Autumn" (566) is marked by nice feeling and delicate handling, but it is not so striking as his "Chalk-pit" (157). Mr. E. Hayes shows his customary freedom and dash in several sea-pieces, of which the "Wreckage off Bamborough Head" (516) is the most noteworthy; and Mr. Yeend King's "Lynn, North Devon" (422), Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Avery Hill" (429), and Mr. Arthur



'FELONIOUS INTENTION.'—HELENA FISHER.



'THE FIRST VIOLIN.'—MRS. G. B. ROSHER.

MURDEROUS OUTRAGE AT BARCELONA.

The greatest city of Spain, after Madrid, the prosperous manufacturing and commercial city of Barcelona, with its population of nearly half a million, has again, the second time within the last few months, been made the scene of those most atrocious acts of wanton and inhuman cruelty, by which the Anarchist conspirators, the common enemies of civilisation in Europe and in America, imagine that they can terrify society and promote their schemes of plunder. On Tuesday night, Nov. 7, the Liceo Theatre was filled with a large and fashionable audience, who had assembled to hear Rossini's popular opera "William Tell." While the performance was going on two bombs were hurled from the top gallery into the midst of the stalls, on the floor of the house. One exploded with a loud report, spreading death and destruction on all sides. The second bomb did not explode, having struck a soft substance. The audience was panic-stricken, a rush was made for the doors, and people were thrown down and trampled upon. In a few minutes the theatre was empty, except for the dead and injured. The police hastened to the theatre, and doctors were summoned. The stalls presented a terrible sight. The part where the bomb had exploded was a mass of wreckage, amidst which lay fifteen dead bodies, some of them horribly mangled, six men and nine women, the latter with their bright-coloured evening dresses torn and drenched with blood. Near them were many ladies and gentlemen wounded by splinters of wood or fragments of iron. The stairs and corridors were searched; there three persons were found

dead and a great number injured. The work of succour went on all night; the theatre was converted for the time into a hospital; the surgeons busy with the wounded, priests administering the consolations of religion and encouraging the sorrowing relatives. All night the theatre was surrounded by a dense crowd, who uttered expressions

man called Aragon. Afterwards seven others were seized and taken to prison. Some of those wounded soon died, and the number of deaths resulting from the bomb explosion has reached thirty. The unexploded bomb resembles that used by the Anarchist Pallas, who on Sept. 24, during a military review at Barcelona, threw two



Photo by Frith, Reigate.

THE HARBOUR OF BARCELONA.

of indignation against the Anarchists. Every member of the police force was called on duty, and the detectives were out. The haunts of the Anarchists were visited; the first arrested were an Italian named Saldani and a French-

bombs among the mounted staff of the General in command, wounding Marshal Martinez Campos and several other officers, and killing one of the Civic Guard. Pallas was shot by sentence of a court-martial. Saldani, who was seized while attempting to escape from the gallery of the theatre, was the leader of a recent strike among the marble masons. It is believed that he had accomplices in the theatre, as two other unexploded bombs have been found there.

Barcelona, a Mediterranean seaport of Catalonia, in the northwest corner of Spain, distant nearly twenty-four hours from Madrid, has a very ancient history, Carthaginian, Roman, and Gothic, and, under the old kingdom of Arragon, was the rival of Genoa and Venice. Its cotton, woollen, and silk manufactures, and its shipping, are of great importance; and much business is done at the Lonja, or Exchange. The cathedral and other ancient churches are interesting examples of fourteenth century architecture. There is a well-organised and learned University of good repute. The principal streets and squares are handsome and the public promenades are delightful. The Castle of Monjuich, a fortress renowned in the annals of warfare, and the Atarazanas, which formerly defended the naval arsenal, but are now used simply for military barracks, are old fortifications of much historical interest. Catalonia has a strong provincial character, and merits particular attention for its difference from some other parts of Spain.



THE BARCELONA THEATRE, WHERE THIRTY PERSONS WERE KILLED BY AN ANARCHIST BOMB.



LIFE IN ALBANIA: GIPSY GIRLS FISHING.

LITERATURE.

ANDREW LANG'S LATEST STORY BOOK.
The True Story Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.) Mr. Andrew Lang offers these true stories to his young readers diffidently, remembering that he has already given them three exquisite volumes of fairy tales. There is not, as he says, a single dragon or even a giant in the whole collection; and true stories, by his own admission, are not so good as those which are so

doubt that many of his readers will applaud the sentiment embodied in the delightful lyrics with which he dedicates the stories, and echo a loud "Amen" to the promise of the lines—

For Fairyland's the land of joy,
And this the world of pain;
So back to Fairyland, my boy,
We'll journey once again.

A. B.

"THE HOYDEN."

The Hoyden. By Mrs. Hungerford. Three vols. (London: Heinemann).—The fortunes of Lady Rylton ("a sort of pocket Venus," of forty-six), and of her son, Sir Maurice Rylton, Bart., are in the last stages of galloping consumption. Visiting some friends in the country, an accident with a pair of "abominable ponies" that took fright and bolted brings her ladyship acquainted with Tita Bolton, "the hoyden," and Tita's uncle George—nobodies, of immense wealth. Tita dislikes her uncle George, who seems a rather sensible old man, and accepts an invitation to stay with Lady Rylton. Lady Rylton detests Tita, but decides that she shall marry Maurice. Maurice has an evil genius in the person of his cousin, Marian Bethune, a young widow, whose face is "full of a beautiful diablerie." Maurice does not care for Tita, and she does not care for him; but she is willing to marry him to escape from uncle George; and married they are. Obviously there is nothing to be done now, except to make them miserable until the last chapter but one, and then to make them perfectly happy. This method Mrs. Hungerford pursues, carrying the story on with the help of tennis parties, dances, blindman's buff, and a good deal of conversation which will not strain the attention. The manners and morals of the ladies will be recognised as those of the very highest society. Lady Rylton observes that "as a matter of course one lets the nearest man make love to one," and reproves Tita for vulgarity in speaking of a "peeling" shower. Mrs. Bethune is frankly agreed that immorality "pays—it certainly pays," and is complimented by Lady Rylton on never allowing her friends to know whether she is "very good or very—well, very much the other thing. That is your charm." To be "in love" is "so terribly bourgeois," and a marriage without love "is the safest thing known." All expression of the emotions is "vulgar" in other people, but Lady Rylton and the ladies of her circle are themselves so exquisitely emotional that they fill up the pauses in ordinary conversation by "glaring at" one another "with an almost murderous hatred." In acute crises, Lady Rylton has recourse to "a wet sponge, a maid, and a bottle of champagne." No one could question the truth of these portrayals. We are all aware that it was ever thus in the highest circles. The sundry physical transformations which happen quite simply in the course of the narrative may be taken either as evidences of a new power of development in "the oldest families in the land," or as signs of a hurried reading of proofs. Thus, the lady whose face is full of a beautiful diablerie has "large hands, but beautiful" in volume one. By the middle of the third volume they have become the "little hands" which Sir Maurice "used to call snowflakes." Once grant the possibility of these modifications, and the anthropometrical devices of M. Bertillon must come to naught. T. II.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S NEW BOOK.

Dream Life and Real Life. By Ralph Iron. (T. Fisher Unwin).—The appearance of Miss Olive Schreiner in the Pseudonym Library is a notable event for that excellent series. I wish it were as notable as "The Story of an African Farm." The many admirers of that book have had very little else from the same source in a long stretch of years. The collection of strange fancies called "Dreams" was rather unsubstantial for some of us, who found in the "African Farm" a faculty which had better things to do in literature than this groping in the dream world. After waiting all this while we get the very short commons of this small volume—three stories, one of which apparently dates back to Miss Schreiner's childhood. It is about a little girl who was badly treated, and ran away, and was supposed to be drowned; but she lived to overhear three miscreants plotting murder, and she flew back to give warning to the people who were threatened, and she was caught and killed by the russians, who hid away her bones. And the man who heard her cry in the night, and awoke in time to save his not particularly valuable life, never knew the service she had rendered him. And that is the pity of it. Then there is a story called, "The Woman's Rose," the flower which a colonial girl gives to a rival to show that she did not mind being cut out among the South African swains. To this is added a moral: "When my faith in woman grows dim, and it seems that for want of love and magnanimity she can play no part in any future heaven: then the scent of the small withered thing comes back:—spring cannot fail us." I can only say the conclusion seems too weighty for the incident. The colonial girl, I observe, "married and went to America." She was a very personable damsel; she had lots of chances, for she and the emotional rival seem to have been the only women in the place worth looking at; and the gift of the rose thus sinks from heroism to very simple good-nature.

However, there is a much bigger sacrifice in the tale pointedly entitled "The Policy in Favour of Protection." The heroine is a lady who writes for the papers, chiefly articles on economic subjects—none of your "dreams" for her! She is interrupted in this exercise one day by a visit from a girl with large blue eyes.

Who roasts these chestnuts which the public buys?
Who fills our fairy tales with large blue eyes?

Well, these eyes are full of tears. The lady who writes about Free Trade is engaged to "a well-known writer," and he is also beloved by the tearful girl. The girl does not know anything about the other attachment, and implores the economic student to "say or do something for me." What the elder woman does is to send a curt message to her lover, refusing to see him. You are asked apparently to believe that she never does see him, and that two months later he marries somebody else, but not the girl with blue eyes. That distracted creature calls and moans again, and a year after she marries too, and the woman who has made the useless sacrifice is left to console herself with writing about the "policy in favour of Protection." "Was it right? Was it wrong?" asks Miss Schreiner. Some people will be inclined to answer, "Was it not inconceivably stupid to make a sacrifice of that kind without any inquiry into the circumstances, without even taking the trouble to find out whether there was the smallest chance that the man would transfer his affections to the love-sick petitioner?" As for the man—well, we are not permitted to know the man except by hearsay; but it seems to be suggested that he married in a fit of reckless pique, without trying to discover why the only woman he cared about preferred the embraces of political economy. I object to having my feelings harrowed in this unreasonable way by a writer who has every qualification for true pathos.

L. F. A.

A PLEASANT BOOK OF TRAVEL.

In Search of a Climate. By Charles G. Nottage, LL.B., F.R.G.S. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—Mr. Nottage is very frank with us in his preface to this book. He tells us that the emphysema or chronic asthma from which he suffers, and to which he owes his voyage in search of a climate, causes him to take a gloomy view of life, and that he is a confirmed grumbler who must paint all he sees in the sepia of confirmed cynicism. But the reader who is led from this introductory warning to expect a sombre book cannot fail to be delightfully disappointed. There never was a cheerier valetudinarian afloat or ashore. Whether cracking a joke at the expense of the physicians of the West, or letting loose his wrath upon the climate of Nice, or grumbling with volcanic spleen at the stewards of the Mariposa, his high spirits never desert his pen. He takes us through Europe, and his pages crumble with laughter as he destroys our notions that the Riviera is a paradise for the overworked man or the patient with the bronchial weakness. He knocks down with a blow the climatic conceits of Mentone and of Monte Carlo, and you can almost hear his hilarious satisfaction as he surveys the atmospheric wreck he has left. Not a thought has he for the ailment which pursues him save that which may beget his sly humour, or assist in that gentle art of doctor-baiting. Through three hundred pleasant pages the reader must follow, now laughing with him, now pitying the whole of the medical colleges, now luxuriating in the glorious days at Las Palmas or Honolulu. Yet, though it is touched in with a pen that has often been dipped in the jester's ink, this work is no mere flight into the exhilarating air which the humourist loves. It is unquestionably the best book on climate from an invalid's point of view that has been written for some years, and the man who is suffering only from an absurd share of health must find in its chapters much that will add to his richness. Here, indeed, is as complete a survey of the climatic paradises of the universe as the mind could conceive. Swiftly, and with statistics



MONTEZUMA GREETS THE SPANIARDS.

Frontispiece to "The True Story Book" (Longmans, Green, and Co.)

entertainingly false in the books we have already from him. For a matter of that, it is to be questioned if all tales are not true to children, whose keen grip of romance and large imagination have brought into the world such an army of spirits and of demons. Tell them that the fact of Montezuma is finer than the fiction of the Chovalier Raoul, and they will stare at you as one who dreams dreams. Impress upon them the "worthy enterprise of John Foxe" as superior to the castle in the air which Jack of Bean-Stalk fame has so often visited, and they will laugh at you. They know nothing of Perrault; Grimm is to them but a privileged narrator who has seen with his eyes these delightful visions which a new generation must see with the mind. For this reason alone "The True Story Book" cannot be as popular as the many-hued volumes of fairy stories which have gone before. One will admit readily that in the fine "History of the Conquest of Mexico" there is much that makes for the highly coloured picture of life which the child loves. The feathers, the gold, the treasure of the city upon the lake, the handful with Cortes against a nation, the fight in the citadel, the *deus ex machina* in the person of Marina, the human sacrifices—these things have such a true ring about them that it is a pity they ever happened. It is only when one unfolds to a child the history of the Aztecs, explains to him that Montezuma was no giant, makes it clear that the whole adventure was contrived without the assistance of a single disembodied spirit or half a goblin, that the discord is struck. It is this travelling of unknown paths outside the school-room that is like to mar the whole book and rob it of much of that popularity which it deserves. The tales retold here are comparatively few. *La jeunesse* which is built on the sound rock of tradition may well murmur at the name of Cesar Borgia, or stumble over that of Benvenuto Cellini. Ali Baba runs over the lips so readily. Ali Baba had a cave—it needs effort even to speak of these heroes—and most of them had no caves. It was their fault, and not their misfortune, of course. Gracie Darling could no more help rowing to Longstone without the aid of a fairy in a gold-gauze dress than Captain Snelgrave could avoid being taken by pirates who drank claret by the bucketful, and made no man walk the plank. The perversity of these people is that they will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, which being admitted, one may ungrudgingly appraise the volume at its true worth. As a collection of stories some of which are falsely told every day, some of which are here recited with a detail that displays very patient research, it must stand high among work of the sort. Mr. Andrew Lang has few equals in the art of putting his hand on the high shelves of forgotten fact and fiction, and the touch of the editor is unmistakable and most welcome throughout the book. Yet there can be no



SCENES IN SAMOA.

From "In Search of a Climate" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)

and hygrometrical readings admirably tabulated, we speed from London to Egypt, from Egypt to Australia, from Australia to Samoa—where we have a glimpse of Apia and of the hulls left stranded on the great occasion of the Calliope's never-to-be-forgotten achievement—from Samoa to Hawaii, from Hawaii to South Carolina. The passages are everywhere redeemed from monotony by the pleasant chat, the thoughtful observation, and the constant verve of this most entertaining author, whom I have quitted most reluctantly and almost with the regret that these things are the birthright of the invalid. A fuller, brighter, or more praiseworthy volume it would be hard to find; nor can less praise be given to the thirty photographic illustrations in photomezzotype with which the book is embellished. The London Stereoscopic Company are to be congratulated on the pictorial aid given to such a display of amusing satire and invaluable observation.

M. P.

THE BISHOP AND THE BOGEY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In a recent article on Mr. Stead's "Borderland" I did him some wrong, the result of not verifying references. His informants spoke of a certain Adrian de Montalembert, which is not the usual orthography. It does occur, however (and consequently is no blunder), in a curious tract, with a yet more curious history, "La Merveilleuse Histoire de l'Esprit," and so forth (Paris, 1528. Black Letter.). The tract was reprinted by the Abbé Dufresnoy in 1751. He used, as "copy," an example from the great Tellier collection, and he justly styles the work *livre extraordinairement rare*. In 1751 the famous Cardinal Tencin, who owed his hat to the Chevalier de Saint George, and did his best for the restoration of that prince, wrote to Dufresnoy from Lyons. Perhaps few know that the Cardinal was a bibliophile, but his essay on the bibliography of this curious tract shows, in the holy man, the best of dispositions. He had discovered another example of Montalembert's work, printed at Rouen, by Robin Gauthier in 1529. This copy lay in the archives of the Abbey of St. Peter at Lyons, and, unlike the Paris example of 1528 in the Tellier collection (which seems to have lost its illustrations), was adorned with engravings.

Adrien de Montalembert, almoner of Francis I. (to whom the book is addressed), was a pious, pitiful, and simple soul. The work is dedicated "to the praise and high magnificence of God the Creator, and to the extermination of the damnable sect of Lutherans," who do not believe in Purgatory. The nuns of the Convent of St. Peter, we learn, had been very loose livers, displaying "most pitiful religion," gadding in the town at all hours, and bringing home young men. The nunnery was, therefore, reformed in 1516, and many of the wicked ladies fled, with all the sacred jewels they could lay hands on. Among them Alis de Telieux went, betaking herself for eight years to a dissolute life, so that she died, in a wretched village, of being Alis de Telieux. "Her poor body was all pains and ulcers," and at last she was buried miserably, with no religious rites. Yet she had repented, and prayed devoutly to Our Lady. Now, in the convent was a noble girl of eighteen, Anthoinette de Grollée, whom, as a child of ten, the unhappy Alis had tenderly cherished. Montalembert is kindly and forgiving in his treatment of the sinful nun; his comments on Anthoinette de Grollée make us infer that she was a very pretty girl and a good girl. One night Anthoinette, when half asleep, had the impression that her night-cap was lifted, that the sign of a cross was made on her brow;

Montalembert speaks of writing a book on this case, but no copy has been found. The bones of Alis were then brought into the chapel, Anthoinette kneeling at the head of the coffin. Questions about Purgatory were put, and were answered in an orthodox way, by knocks, and recorded in writing by the Bishop. The absolution was pronounced, and it was hoped that all was well. Three days later, Montalembert visited the convent; as soon as he rang the bell the spirit began to be noisy, and finally lifted the girl bodily off the ground! The sounds were not deep in earth as before. On March 20, about nine p.m., Anthoinette, being in her room, saw a nun there, a tall woman, not one of the nuns of the convent. Somewhat astonished, Anthoinette looked at her more closely, but could not see her face because of her veil. The phantom then vanished in a corner, and Anthoinette went to bed. She had not slept long when a weak voice, addressing her by name, told her that this was a farewell visit; but that on the following day she would cause a great noise at matins. The voice made rather a long speech, growing weaker and weaker, as if from fatigue, sounding far away, and ceasing at about midnight, when Anthoinette was called to matins. While the nuns sang the *Venite*, there broke forth "a noise as of a thousand persons at work." This phenomenon



"Little lamb, who made thee?"—BLAKE.

AUTOGRAVURE FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC SHIELDS, IN THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY'S GALLERY, NEW OXFORD STREET.

The book had been so popular that some leaves were lost, and their places were filled up with pages in manuscript. In one chapter (28) the written copy varied from the text of Paris. The manuscript states that, as the nuns whom the spirit haunted were at dinner, the spirit (that of a deceased sister) struck thirty-three distinct strokes, "great, and marvellous, and strange to hear," and "thereafter shone forth in the refectory a light so brilliant that the good ladies could scarce suffer it, and it lasted for about half-an-hour." The nuns then went and sang the *Te Deum*, on conceiving that their sister's soul was freed from thirty-three years of purgatory, which, by the way, she had richly deserved. To this copy was affixed a passage in manuscript. The writer declares that the prodigious history is undeniably true. It persisted in the tradition of the convent, and the author of the note (who, with much trouble, discovered the printed copy of 1529) used to hear the story in her youth, in 1630, from a very old nun, who attained the age of ninety-four. This very old nun, again, had it from her aunt, Gabrielle de Beaudouit, who was alive at the time of the miraculous occurrences. Two long lives would readily carry a tradition from 1526 to 1630. So far the Cardinal Tencin. Dufresnoy also heard of a manuscript copy of Montalembert's tract in the library of the Jesuits in Lyons. Brunet mentions a Paris edition of 1528, with ten woodcuts, the Rouen edition of 1529, and a Paris edition of 1580, in duodecimo. A copy of 1528 sold for £5, in the White Knights collection, and nowadays an example would probably bring a larger price.

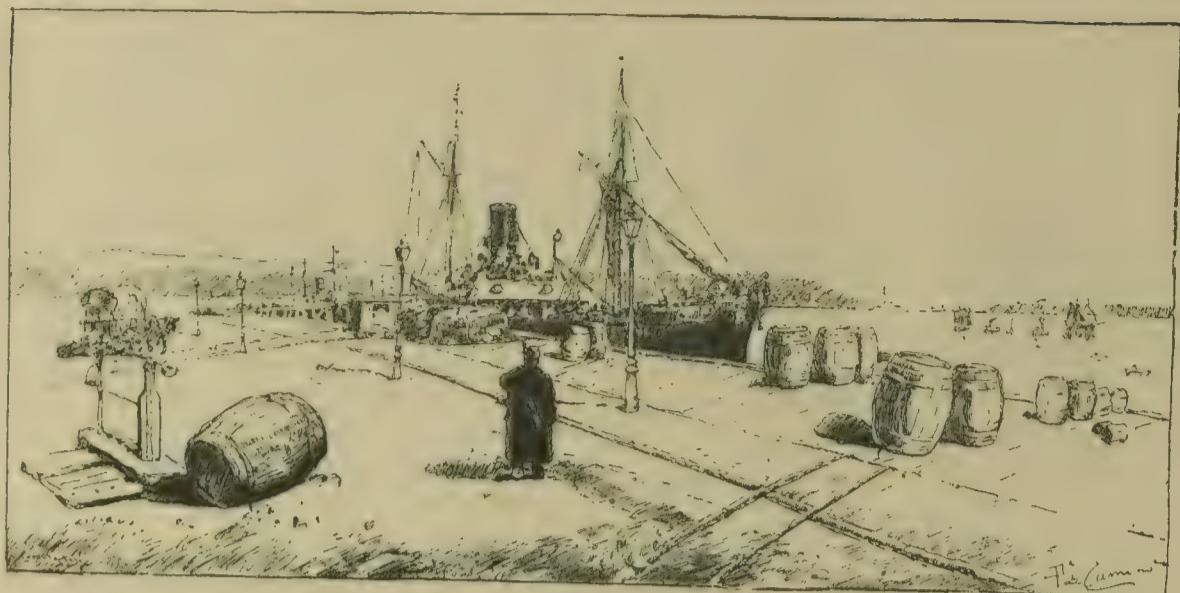
Such is the bibliography of this treatise, which is full of good reading in its innocent old French. The writer,

"then, gently and tenderly, one kissed her mouth." She woke, astonished, but decided that she had been dreaming. Some days later she found that wherever she went a patter of raps sounded under her feet at the apparent depth of four inches. Montalembert says that the sound was as if some one were thumping up with the end of a pole. Professor Huxley has stated that he can make raps with his toes. In the interests of the miracle the learned Professor might try whether or not these noises appear to be underground. If they do he will have greatly discredited a miraculous occurrence—that is, if he can crack his joints as he walks about. Anthoinette was, or feigned to be, alarmed, and she consulted the Abbess, Anthoinette d'Armagnac (1510-36). The Abbess comforted the girl, and placed her in a chamber next her own. The sounds continued, were much talked of, and the Abbess sent for the body of Alis, meaning to bury it in the convent. The nearer the body came the more the spectre *menoit bruyct*, made a noise, all round the girl. The disturbances were considerable, and on Feb. 16, 1526-27, the Bishop of Lyons consulted Montalembert. The prelate and some mendicant friars had addressed the "spirit," but to them it made no answer. On Feb. 17 the Bishop and Montalembert visited the convent, much impeded by a great crowd, which wanted to press in. When they were brought before the girl, who was kneeling, the noises broke out. An exorcism was contemplated, and Montalembert directed the proceedings. The service was of the usual kind, the girl kneeling on a stool. In the course of the ceremony a young novice fell into convulsions, manifestly under diabolical possession!

Professor Huxley may find it hard to produce with his toes. "At this moment the maiden, all resolute in spiritual joy, looked at the others trembling and pale with incomparable fear, and began softly to smile, for everybody crowded round her, as if to their only refuge, and the nearer her, the more safe they felt." If Anthoinette was playing a trick, it is no wonder that she smiled. "She, that is so debonair, consoled them gently, saying, 'My good sisters, have no fear at all, for it is our sister Alis de Telieux, who begins to take farewell of us.'" On the following day the thirty-three strokes were struck at dinner, and, in the copy quoted by Cardinal Tencin, the bright light appeared. This last miracle is not in the Paris edition of 1528. So the story ends with some moral comments by Montalembert. His own evidence only speaks of the noises, and the answers made to him by knocks, "concerning great matters, which could not be known of mortal creature, that caused me great marvel and admiration." For all the rest we have only the report of the nuns. At that time a miracle to "annihilate the damnable sect of the Lutherans" was sorely needed. This, of course, suggests a pious fraud, and we are only certain that the method, communication by knocks, was already familiar. But whether Anthoinette produced the whole mystery by cracking her toe-joints and ascribing the marvel to *elle qui tant estoit fresche et belle*, the dead Alis de Telieux, is a question for Professor Huxley. Few people who read the ancient simple narrative will be capable of thinking that Adrien de Montalembert was an impostor, however sadly he may have been imposed upon.

THE DISASTER AT SANTANDER.

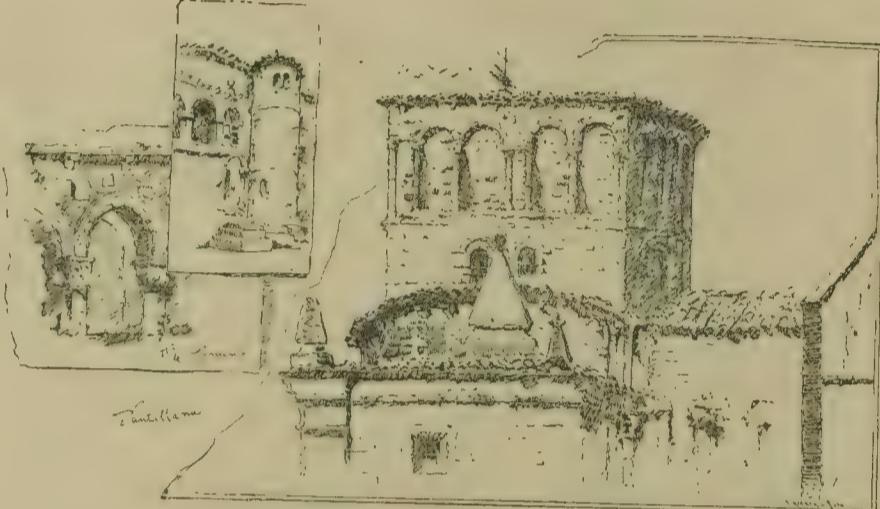
The effects of the terrible calamity related last week—the conflagration and explosion of dynamite on board a coast steam-vessel at the quay of Santander, on Friday, Nov. 3—have brought temporary desolation to that lately thriving commercial seaport town. Twenty thousand of its inhabitants have taken refuge in the neighbouring villages or in other towns, while the civil authorities remain. Santander, or St. Andrew's, in the province of Asturias, on the shore of the Bay of Biscay, is thirty or forty miles west of Bilbao, with which town it shares the valuable traffic arising from the Somorrostro mines of red haematite iron ore, chiefly exported to England. The dynamite was brought, probably, for use in those mines. The population of Santander was nearly 50,000, and the new part of the town was elegantly built. There is an ancient Gothic cathedral, with a former monastery and college. The old streets are very narrow, and the houses had wooden balconies at each storey along their fronts, by which the fire would spread from the burning fragments thrown up into the air out of the ship at the explosion. The railway passenger station, which has also been destroyed, with a train standing in it, was 200 or 300 yards from the quay, with the new law courts and other public buildings. We thank Mr. Robert White Stevens, of Plymouth, for the use of photographs.



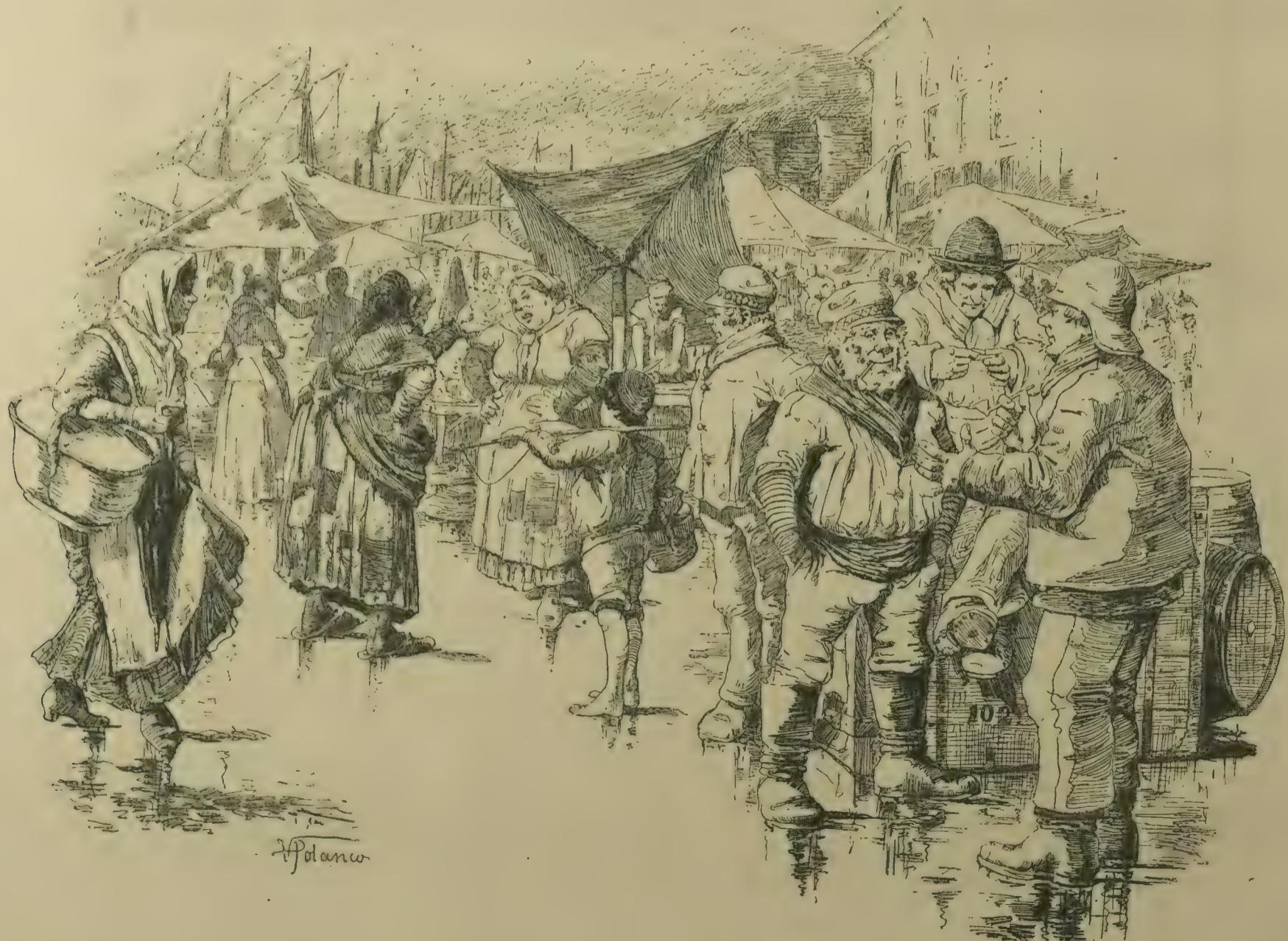
ON THE QUAY, SANTANDER.



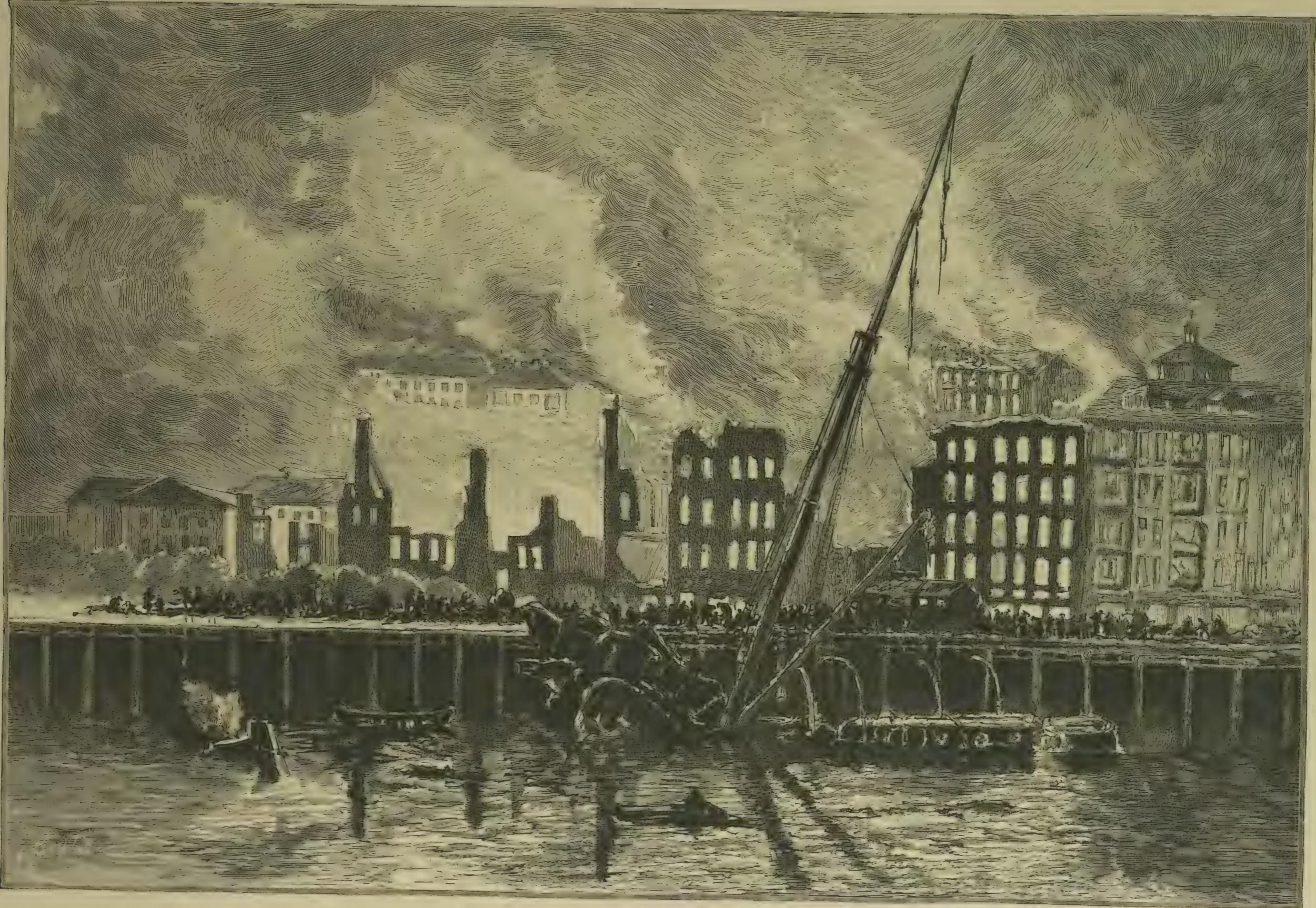
SANTANDER HARBOUR: MAIL STEAMER ARRIVING FROM HAVANA.



OLD COLLEGE, SANTANDER.



FISH MARKET, SANTANDER.



THE DYNAMITE DISASTER AT SANTANDER: THE ASPECT OF THE QUAY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. FÉLISAT.

COAL AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES.

Wise men of science are beating their brains in the search for something to deliver us from the tyranny of coal. That fuel has warmed us and cooked our food for ages—Newcastle was famous for it six hundred years ago. In these latter days it has turned the wheels of our machines, and has given us light from gas. It is difficult to realise what coal does in giving heat, illumination, and driving power; let alone the beautiful dyes which the chemist has drawn from the refuse of gas-works. After having been a servant, coal has become our master, without whose aid cities would be left in darkness, our meat would be raw, the railways would be useless tracks of rusty iron, the industry of our factories would cease, and our fleets would be no more able to carry merchandise or to fight an enemy at sea. Now, men of philosophic mind who watch the haste and waste with which we spend our stores of coal have begun to prophesy an inconceivable disaster. There is only so much coal left, they say, for the use of future generations.

What, then, are the substitutes for coal in the processes of giving heat, light, and driving power? Take heat first. An Irishman might suggest the use of coke, but he would do better if he pointed to the beds of peat which fill the middle of his island. It may be asked whether we sufficiently realise its presence elsewhere. The Thames, for example, which is banked far down its course, was once, for ages, bordered with marshes, now inviting a search for peat beneath the soil. Why should not "peat mines" be dug near London? The supply of it is incalculable; there are means of reducing its bulk by pressure, to simplify its carriage and economise its use. So it would be more valuable than where, as in Ireland, it is merely cut from the bog and dried in the stack. The digging of peat, by the way, would create a new industry, and find work for some of our London "unemployed." But the commonest substitute for coal is wood. This is, indeed, partly coal itself, in the first stage of its growth; but few people now seem to know how it should be burnt. Its ashes, except when inconveniently superabundant, should never be cleared away, but left to form a bed which "heats," again and again, as fresh wood is put upon it and consumed. The "dogs," used to support the logs in some wood-hearths, do more harm than good, as they hinder the new fuel from resting upon the relics of the old, and so increasing the amount of warmth to be obtained from the fire. Of course, the supply of wood is limited, but we might make it go as far as we can. The chief thing is to burn it on the floor of the hearth, and to let its ashes remain. Grates constructed for coal can, however, be fitted for the use of wood by having their bottoms entirely covered with a plate of tile or iron. This provides for that accumulation of ash which gives half its value to a wood fire. But it is best to have no dogs or grate at all. It should be remarked that in several parts of England there is a far greater supply of wood fuel than many might suspect. Countless hedgerows are filled with wholly worthless trees, which might be gradually burned, their places being taken by such as produce apples, pears, cherries, plums, and other wholesome fruit. The present waste of food-growing soil is incalculable.

All foreign housewives know the cooking power of a charcoal fire indoors. A friend of mine had once a wonderful Soudanese "chef," who made him quite at home in the desert by cooking dinners with what seemed to be a battered old tea-tray, a bag of charcoal, and a pair of lungs, windy and tough enough to have challenged any bellows in creation. The fire was a small one. His performances, however, would have surprised a civilised English cook, who wants half a scuttleful of coal before she can boil the kettle or poach an egg.

We have been so long accustomed to associate a "wick" with light that few sufficiently realise the great heat-giving power of a lamp. Yet, when properly placed and applied, a fairly large one goes far towards warming a small room in the day-time. It wastes none of its fire, is always at its best, and if set on the floor in front of a closed window it wonderfully corrects the chilling air which always comes from off the cold glass. Thus, unaided by any accompanying appliances, it is very effective as a heat-giver. I believe that the Eskimo warm their ice-huts with blubber-lamps alone. Of late years, indeed, many cunning oil-stoves have been invented in which the power of a single flame is intensified, and transmitted to radiating metal, or heats water, which circulates in a simple arrangement of pipes, so as to generate and spread an amount of warmth far greater than an unassisted lamp could produce. The portable boiler used for this purpose need not contain more than a quart or so of water, which one long lighted wick keeps in a steady simmer. These inventions and appliances are so recent that we cannot suppose the use of lamp-heat as a substitute for that of coal to have been finally perfected.

There would seem to be no reason why direct sun-heat, in countries where it can be relied upon, should not be so focussed as to do much for man that is now done by the burning of fuel. We sometimes hear of seemingly unaccountable fires being traced to a bottle of water (hung in the sunshine) or a knot in a window-pane, which has acted as a lens, setting clothes or curtains alight. Perhaps more serviceable results might be obtained by a fitting arrangement of magnifying-glasses or concave mirrors, so that the sun himself might at least boil a kettle or roast a piece of meat. How far our new servant Electricity, which fires a tree with a flash, will come to be used as a producer of warmth as well as light, and in what manifold ways it might be found thus applicable, we cannot even conjecture.

Little need here be said about the electric telegraph or the electric light, except so far as the latter may supersede coal-gas for illumination; but we have in electricity a power to which we may resort, instead of to coal, for the working of our engines and machinery. Much could perhaps be done for the provision of heat by the electric dynamo and concentrated oil flame, as well as for its application to the production of "driving power" as a substitute for coal. The comparatively recent discovery of enormous stores of mineral oil reveals such a supply of an alternative to coal-gas as our fathers never dreamed of. The store of substitutes for coal seems full of promise.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
J F MOON.—We are glad you have found a problem agreeable to your non-Puritan taste. Are we to regard your last contribution as one of the same order because the position sent us is lacking a Black King?

W T ROBINSON (Stockport).—Acknowledgment of solutions received after Thursday cannot appear till the following Saturday fortnight. This accounts for the absence of your name at the time you expected to find it.

Mrs W J BAIRD.—Your successes are getting really monotonous. It will soon be something memorable to find a competition in which you are not first. We comply with your request with pleasure.

H J ADAMS (Haymarket).—You will find in all such works cases where it is difficult to agree with the opinion of the author. In this case we think with you that White has the worst game, and probably it is by a slip in the text that the opposite verdict is there expressed.

F THOMPSON (Derby).—In no less than eleven variations White has two lines of play on the second move. Would you care for the problem to appear so loaded with duals?

CHARLES BURNETT.—If Black play 1. R to R 6th, 7th, or 8th, 2. Q takes B; and if 1. R to R 2nd, 2. Q takes It, &c.

W F JONES.—Problem marked No. 2 shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2581 received from P E P (Cape Town); of No. 2584 from J W Shaw (Montreal), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2585 from Thomas Emerson (Whitwell); of No. 2586 from Brockley, T Shakespear (South Yardley), W David (Cardiff), Howich, T Isaac (Maldon), II F W Lane (Stroud).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2587 received from J F Moon, W P Hind, T G (Ware), Julia Short (Exeter), T Shakespear, Odham Club, F J Knight, H Brundrett, G T Hughes (Athy), Henry B Byrnes, Sorrento, Joseph Willcock (Chester), B D Knox, Emile Frau, H B Hurford, J Coad, G Joycey, W David, E Loudon, E E H, Charles Burnett, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Martin F, C E Perugini, G R Hargreaves (Brighton), W R B (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), N Harris, Hermit, T Roberts, Shadforth, J Dixon, M A Eyre, H H Brooks, Alpha, E A Graves (Taunton), Dr F St, Blair Cochrane (Clewer), L Desanges, W R Raillen, M Burke, Admiral Brandreth, J C Ireland, Captain J A Challie (Great Yarmouth), Hereward, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), John Meale (Mattishall), and A J Habgood (Haslar).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2586.—BY H. F. L. MEYER.

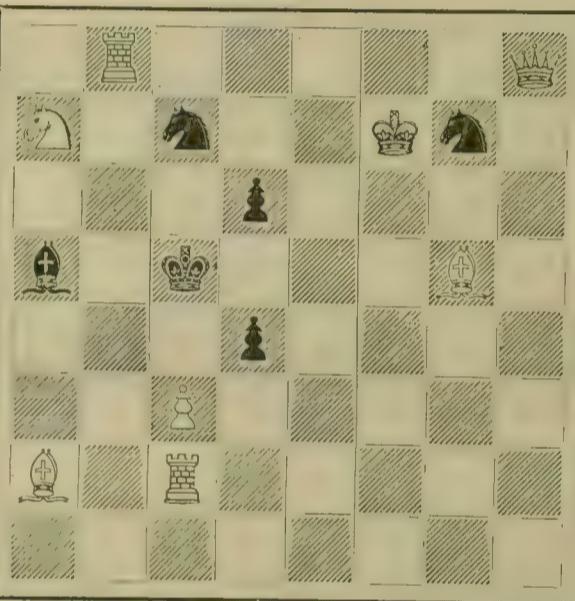
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 2nd	K to Q 4th
2. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K moves
3. Kt to Q mates	

If Black play 1. Kt moves; 2. Kt (at B 7th) to Q 8th (ch); 2. K moves; 3. Q to Q 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2589.

BY REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Game played in the match between Dr. TARRASCH and M. TSCHIGORIN.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (M. T.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (M. T.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to B 4th	P to K 3rd	26. K R to B sq	B to K Kt 4th
2. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 3B 4th	27. R to B 2nd	Q to K 2nd
3. P to K Kt 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	28. Q to K sq	P to R 4th
4. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q 5th	29. B to Q sq	Q to K 3rd
5. Q to Q 3rd		30. P to B 3rd	B to Q sq
This odd-looking opening may become popular one day, but at present it seems difficult to get used to such positions in great games.			
6.	B to K 2nd	31. Q to B 2nd	P to R 5th
7. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt takes Kt	32. Q to Kt 2nd	R to B 3rd
8. Q takes Kt	Q to Kt 3rd	33. P to Kt 4th	B to K Kt 4th
9. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	34. P to R 3rd	K to B sq
10. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	35. Q to K 2nd	K to Kt sq
11. P to B 3rd		36. Q to K 3rd	
To most people P to Q B 3rd would appear good, but it will be found to hamper White's game for some time, after the Kt has retreated.			
12.	B to B 3rd	37. R to Kt 2nd	R to K 2nd
13. Castles	P to R 3rd	38. B to B 2nd	R to Kt 2nd
14. B to K 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	39. Q to Q 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
15. Q to Kt sq	P to Q 4th	Further to support the R P and freeing the Q Kt.	
16. P to Q 3rd	P to R 5th	40. Q to K sq	P to K 4th
17. P to Q 3rd	P to K 4th	41. B to Q sq	R to K 2nd
18. K R to Q sq		42. B to K 2nd	P takes K P
After this move, preventing P to Q 4th of White, Black gradually gets the upper hand. It will be found that White has no possibility of getting through anywhere, but Black's winning process is interesting and clever.			
19. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	43. B P takes P	K R to B 2nd
20. Kt to B sq	B to Q 2nd	44. Q to Q sq	P to Kt 4th
21. B to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	45. P takes P	B takes P
22. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 5th	46. Kt to R 2nd	B to K 6th (ch)
23. B takes Kt	B P takes B	47. K to R sq	P to Kt 4th
24. B to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd	This and move 44 are especially notable. The latter is to break up the position, and move 48 prevents P to Kt 5th, which would allow of Kt or B to Kt 4th. After this comes the end of a good but rather one-sided game.	
25. B to Kt 4th	B to B 3rd	48. Kt to B sq	P to Q 4th
White resigns.			

A match between the second team of the Metropolitan Chess Club and the North London, played at Watling Street on Nov. 2, resulted in a draw, the score being ten on each side.

Mrs. W. J. Baird has won for the third time in succession the first prize in the three-move tourney of the *Southern Counties Chess Journal*. We append the prize problem, and solutions will be acknowledged—

White: K at Q 2nd, Q at K B 8th, Kts at Q Kt 2nd and K R 6th, Ps at Q B 3rd, Q 5th, K 6th, K B 3rd, K R 4th and 5th.

Black: K at K 4th, B at Q 8th, Ts at Q 6th, and K Kt 6th. White to play and mate in three moves.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The death of the Queen's Master of the Ceremonies has drawn attention to the mighty potter that is made about precedence around Courts. So intricate is it, and so much stress is laid on it by the persons concerned, that it really needs a responsible officer. One of the greatest plagues of the Master of the Ceremonies in recent times was the poor Queen of Hawaii at the Jubilee. She would not be treated like the Indian Princes, and put with the royal children and other smaller magnates in the choir, but maintained resolutely that, as a reigning sovereign, she must go up to the altar, and her claim had to be admitted. She also insisted on driving about London in a State carriage, and her splendid royal "turn-out" was astonishing to Londoners, used to seeing the Prince of Wales in a hansom and the Princess in a dark-green brougham or landau with plain liveries of bottle-green faced with red. We are apt to suppose that it is only people like her dusky Majesty, not quite certain of their position, who make a fuss about its outward maintenance, but this is not the case. Precedence is most strictly observed in the highest circles. It is more than a little intricate, too: for instance, a Duke's daughter, even though the wife of a plain "Mr.," takes precedence of a Countess, while a Duke's younger son's wife comes below Countesses; then a Countess takes precedence of the daughter of a Marquis, too, but the latter precedes the Duke's daughter-in-law. It is really worse than the multiplication table. When people of identical rank are in company it is useful to know which peerage was the elder "creation." At a gathering at which her Majesty was to be present I was once standing talking to a Dowager Marchioness when her daughter-in-law, the reigning Marchioness, who had the management of things, came to her mother in great anxiety: "Can you tell me which is the elder creation—Downshire or Drogheda? Lady Downshire and Lady Drogheda are both here, and which should go first?" The elder peeress was "sure they were near together, but could not remember"; and it was evidently a most serious difficulty. At last, though very reluctantly, the hostess had to ask themselves to tell her, not having her peerage at hand, and the ladies were perfectly ready with the information. I was much impressed with the importance of such matters when I consulted that precious volume myself, and found that the Marquise of Downshire was created in 1789, and that of Drogheda in 1791. It seemed rather droll that three Marchionesses should lay stress on such a matter among themselves.

Nor is this stickling for precedence a feminine weakness merely. In the reign of Charles II., as the delightful Pepys (the born journalist, who would be so successful in the *fin-de-siècle* newspaper office) tells in his most precious style, the French and Spanish "Embassadors" positively fought in the streets of London as to who should have the place next the King of England's coach. The Spaniards lined the traces of their coach with iron, so that they could not be cut, and appointed men specially to guard the coachman and each horse, as well as the coach door; the French, though four times as numerous as their antagonists, and "ranting most," neglected these precautions, and the Spaniards cut the traces of the French coach and killed three horses, so that it could not move. "Our King had given orders that no Englishman should meddle in the business, but let them do what they would." However, as our countrymen always have loved a row, there were great crowds of people to see it out, and, as to Pepys, he ran about all day after the fun, and when he got home, dirty and tired, his wife scolded him for stopping out so long looking for news—all just like a modern journalist. Pepys had found out, however, that this little dispute of precedence among men had caused the death of "several of the French, and two or three of the Spaniards, and one Englishman, who got shot by a bullet"; and he "saw the Spanish coach go with fifty swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy," and he learned that it had "gone through the City next to our King's coach, at which all the City did rejoice, for indeed we all love the Spanish and hate the French."

Go a little farther back in history, and we find even the Archbishops raging against each other as to their relative importance so furiously that on one occasion, in the reign of Edward III., the Archbishop of Canterbury declared anybody excommunicate who furnished a meal of meat to his brother of York while he was travelling through the Province of Canterbury, because he had denied Canterbury's Primacy; and on another occasion, the Archbishop of Canterbury having arrived somewhere first, and taken the chief place, the Archbishop of York, on his arrival, sat down on the knees of his episcopal brother rather than give up the first place. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

There is a great use being made, both on hats and bonnets, of trimmings of bright steel. A black velvet bonnet in the ever-popular shape that is known as the Marie Stuart, and that is in full fashion amongst the rest of the close-fitting shapes, is trimmed with a coronet of steel set a few inches back from the front, and backed by a few black and steel-grey osprey plumes. Another has a crown of black velvet embroidered with jet and steel, the trimming consisting of black osprey and pink velvet choux, two of the latter on either side of the rising plume. Hats are in many respects to be described in the same words as bonnets. Steel, especially steel buckles, and sable-tail trimmings are seen on them; the tendency to leave a space between the two sides of a front trimming is noticed in them, and above all, they are almost all trimmed so that some feather or bow shall fall well over a back bunch of hair; it seems to be thought that all young women, at any rate, are sure to prefer that style, which is awkward for those who suit themselves, and think differently. For them, however, there are toques in variety. The felt plateaux bend up nicely in this style, and one can be either used as the shape alone, or can be edged with the jet sequin trimming that I mentioned previously, or put on a velvet twist. Feather tips and wings are equally in favour for hat trimmings.

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I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.

Yours faithfully,
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Yours very truly,
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ART NOTES.

The winter exhibition at the French Gallery (Pall Mall) is made up exclusively of English pictures—a sign, perhaps, of a *revirement* of national taste. Be that as it may, Mr. Wallis has brought together fifty pictures eminently illustrative of English landscape painting of the earlier part of the century. We can trace the change wrought upon the classical style of Richard Wilson by the influences of the Norwich school, and the subsequent transformations which landscape art underwent at the hands of Constable and David Cox, and of others constituting "the Hampstead School," and its final development in the "School of Barnes," founded by the Williams family, with whom the traditions practically came to an end, or were swept away by the incoming of French methods and aims. The principal picture in the present exhibition, at least in Mr. Wallis's estimation, is Constable's "Hampstead Heath," one of the numerous studies that artist made when living at Well Walk. The view looks eastward over London, which was not then hidden by houses in the foreground or impenetrable smoke in the distance; but is full of definite outlines, though rather cold, and suggestive of having been painted early on a chilly May morning. It is nevertheless an important work, and full of the artist's knowledge of his craft. The landscape by Barker "of Bath" shows distinctly the influence of Gainsborough upon one who had been brought up on the precepts of Richard Wilson—of whose work a good instance hangs close by. Percy, whose real name was Williams, paints with more fluency and spirit, although his work is often heavy; but his brother's "Stepping Stones" has more attractive, though scarcely such solid, qualities in the work. Joseph Nash, Henry Bright, and Jock Wilson, one of the founders of the Society of British Artists, are painters whose work in oils is not widely known; and the specimens here brought together by the side of pictures by Gainsborough, Old Crome, Ibbetson, Stark, and George Vincent make a bold show, and bear witness to the continuity of English landscape art.

Bookbinding having now become, like the stage, a gentleman's or a gentlewoman's profession, it is not surprising that it should be giving rise to a literature of its own. Miss S. T. Prideaux's "Historical Sketch of Bookbinding" (Lawrence and Bullen) has the advantage over its competitors for public favour in that it is written by one who knows the art as well as the history—the practice as well as the theory—of bookbinding. It is, in fact, an amplification, and in many important ways a revision, of the author's catalogue of the specimens of bookbinding exhibited two years ago at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Miss Prideaux passes lightly over the earlier phases of the art of bookbinding, which preceded by some centuries the art of printing, so that when books were first issued from the press of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde

they had not to be launched naked on the world, but were fully clothed in the printer's house. Caxton probably learnt the art at Bruges, and on his return to England he either brought with him or was followed by a number of Flemish binders, who naturally perpetuated their national style—diagonal lines and diamond-shaped compartments stamped upon the leather. Thomas Hunter, of Oxford, was probably the first to revive the early English work, stamped into circles or segments of circles; and although at various times subsequently foreign influences are traceable in English bindings, it is possible to follow the history of our national school through the Tudor and the Stuart periods, during both of which excellent work was done for kings and nobles. The most distinctly English binding of the seventeenth century was known as "The Cottage Style," which was largely adopted by the two Universities for works issued by them; and Nicholas Ferrar, the founder of "Little Gidding," has left a personal trace upon the art. Miss Prideaux does not limit herself to English bookbinding, but gives a succinct account of its development on the Continent and of the characteristics of the various French, Italian, and German styles. To all who wish to make themselves acquainted with the history of the art, and at the same time to obtain an idea of the tools and methods by which each school of bookbinders attained their ends, Miss Prideaux's volume can be safely recommended; while the value of an appendix, containing the bibliography of bookbinding, will be recognised by all students.

The art of "Grangerising" has hitherto been practised by individuals who pass like locusts over the leaves of every illustrated work, and abstract therefrom such portraits or views as may suit the wants of the book to be "Grangerised." At best they were a pestilent body, and could at the most make one book complete, while they made a hundred desolate. Hence it is that we come across so many books, published less than fifty years ago, shorn more or less of the engravings with which they were originally adorned. New processes, and perhaps also better taste, have apparently opened up a more excellent way for the "Grangerites"—and the ready assistance given by the authorities of the Print Room at the British Museum renders the task more easy. Few books, perhaps, offer more temptations to the Grangerites than Walpole's Letters, but the magnitude of the task has hitherto discouraged the boldest. An edition—a very limited one—has, however, now appeared, which swells the number of volumes from nine to eighteen by the addition of seven hundred portraits and views of places referred to in the Letters. In all probability the hundred copies, printed with elaborate care, will for the most part remain in the hands of the original subscribers, and, although a few have found their way into the trade, yet the price asked—£80—will be sufficient to deter all but the wealthy few. The step, however, is one in a right direction, and the union of literature and art which it betokens will not fail to become popular.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A leading Church paper has come to the rescue of Miss Marie Corelli, and has given a very favourable notice of her much-abused novel "Barabbas."

The Scotch correspondent of the *Church Times* says that the sévérance of Church and State is coming in Scotland, and that it will give the Scottish Episcopal Church a magnificent opportunity, the greatest she has had in her chequered and troubled history. He thinks that Bishop Dowden, of Edinburgh, should lead in negotiating between Episcopalians and Presbyterians in the coming days. Bishop Dowden, like his distinguished brother Professor Dowden, of Dublin, was brought up among Presbyterians.

Speaking generally, Churchmen are satisfied with Mr. Fowler's explanations and concessions in connection with the Local Government Bill. Undoubtedly he has gone very far, but more will be asked for in Committee. There is especially a feeling that churchwardens should be Churchmen. This was forcibly expressed by Dean Gregory in the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury.

In the death of Dr. Kettlewell we have lost the most learned student of Thomas à-Kempis. It cannot, perhaps, be said that Dr. Kettlewell definitely proved that à-Kempis wrote "De Imitatione Christi," but he made out a plausible case. Although he did not state his argument in the most effective manner, and introduced many irrelevances, yet his great book can never be neglected. It is best in its original form.

The Church papers are still pressing that Churchmen should claim rate-aid for the voluntary schools, but in the opinion of most laymen no practicable scheme has been proposed. It is doubtful whether any political change would put the Church in a position to make additional claims.

The Archbishop of York is better, and able to resume his work.

The Bishop of Bedford is also convalescent, and is leaving for a long rest at Pau.

It is proposed to raise of sum of £4000 in order to purchase an annuity for Père Hyacinthe. It is twenty years since the eloquent preacher of Notre Dame gave up his influential position, and since then his following has naturally been much diminished. The Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Rochester, and many other dignitaries cordially support the proposal.

The Professors of Princeton Theological Seminary, in America, have stopped football playing by the divinity students. And "the rough and brutal game does not comport with the purpose for which students are here" says one of their teachers.

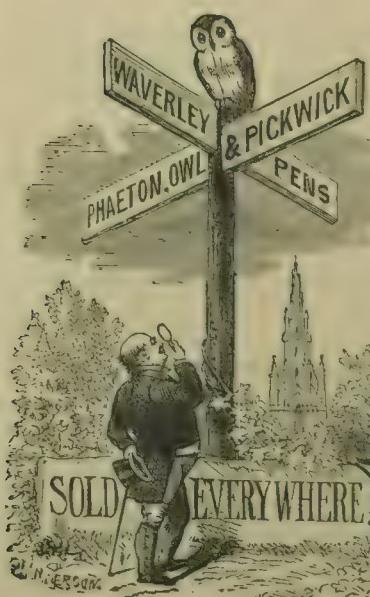
The Parliament of Religions at Chicago is rather favourably discussed by the American religious papers. Its prevailing note is said to have been sincerity, and its striking feature was its testimony to the "greatness and royalty of religion itself."

V.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

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You may play "The School for Scandal" in the old-fashioned conventional way or in the new-fashioned modern method, but I take it to be essential that in any case the team you drive should be well matched. That is just the difficulty with Mr. Daly's company. The horses are handsome, well-bred, useful, and willing, but they are of all sorts and sizes. They run better in single than in double harness, but when they are put into a four-in-hand they proceed to kick over the traces. No better Sir Peter Teazle exists to-day than Mr. William Farren. He has the courtly manner of the old school; he lives and moves and breathes in the last century, and he hands down to us the exact traditions of one of the best Sir Peters the stage ever saw—his father, the elder Farren. There have been two very memorable revivals of Sheridan's masterpiece in our own immediate times: one was by the Bancrofts at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road—a revival of taste, culture, and bric-a-brac that gave us, however, the best of Charles Surfaces in Mr. Charles Coghlan; the other was the Vaudeville revival, in which Mr. William Farren, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr. David James, Mr. Tom Thorne, Mr. John Clayton, and others were engaged. But both these celebrated revivals were harmonious. There was no discord in them. They contained no jarring notes. Some of us may have had our hobbies, but there was no need to insist on them unless they resulted in a patch of glaring and discordant colour. For instance, I have myself ever held that stage tradition is in two marked respects wrong in connection with "The School for Scandal." The Lady Teazle is, as a rule, destitute of humour and mischief. The Joseph Surface is invariably too old, priggish, and sententious. Miss Ada Rehan has rectified one error. She gives us the most mischievous and mutinous Lady Teazle that the modern stage has ever seen. She gambols through the scandal scene like the veriest tomboy of a school-girl; she chaffs Sir Peter with such irritating wilfulness that she almost drives the poor old gentleman crazy; even in the scene with Joseph at his lodgings, Lady Teazle is scarcely serious—so innocent, in fact, that woman as she is, she scarcely sees through the designs of Mr. Hypocrite, and it is not until the screen has fallen that the rustic school-girl is turned into a sensible and awakened woman. Now, this is a plausible and sensible reading, and Miss Ada Rehan does it more than justice; but, for all that, it does not, somehow or other, harmonise with the readings of the other characters. Sir Peter and Lady Teazle do not run well together in the curriole of life; but they are just as much opposed as actor and actress in the play. When one is in the picture the other is out of it.

The late Mr. John Clayton is the only actor I can call to mind who broke right away from the Joseph Surface of convention and the stage. Surely Joseph is as young, as handsome, and as attractive as Charles. He is a lady-killer as well as his brother. He is the intellectual lover;

Charles, the physical. Women love Joseph for his talk, Charles for his handsome person. But the stage insists that Joseph shall be a middle-aged man who ladles out his maxims and sentiments, proclaiming to the whole world what a humbug he is. Joseph does not wear his humbug on his sleeve for daws to peek at, and it is only very clever and discerning people who discover he is a humbug at all. Surely his hypocrisy should be veiled under a very charming manner and the suggestion of a hidden passion. Mr. George Clarke, excellent actor as he is, does not incline to this view at all. He gives us a Joseph of the old school, and ladles out the sentiments in the good old-fashioned style. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who has improved so very much as an actor during the past year, gives no new light to Charles, and is deficient in the style of the period. He is not the fine gentleman with the lace ruffles and the gallant carelessness of the time. He is a little too brusque, too much of the modern athlete and football player, for the delicate fastidious Charles. The part is by no manner of means badly played by Mr. Bourchier. But in these old plays we cannot forget our ideals. We criticise from a high and varied standard. Who that ever saw it could forget that little incident of Sir Oliver's picture as played by Charles Coghlan? I see him now, leaning elegantly against the wall, dusting the frame and face of the picture with his lace-edged pocket-handkerchief. That business was, of course, impossible for poor Mr. Bourchier, since the picture of Sir Oliver was miles above his head and out of reach; but, for all that, it was a modern, a very modern Charles, and the modern actor finds it difficult to move about in gorgeous dress, or, indeed, in any dress but the conventional coats and trousers. And then, of course, there were other grave disappointments, on which I need not linger. I don't suppose that the scandal scene ever went so flatly before. There was not a laugh in it from end to end, and this was not so much on account of the "bowdlerising" of the scandal as from the general inefficiency of the performance. When, before, has the scandal scene gone off like a damp squib? Never, in my memory.

Another farcical comedy and another success. Why? Because the actress has been found to make it go. Miss Fanny Brough is the motive cause for the success of "Mrs. Othello," as she was a short time ago the main success of "Dr. Bill," when Mr. George Alexander first started his managerial career at the Avenue. Given the popular actor or actress, and the farce, however nonsensical, is bound to go. And I have noticed this fact also—that the best farce-actors, as a rule, are those who have played serious business. What an excellent farce-actor is Mr. Charles Glenney, who has not disdained tragedy in his time! What a capital farce-actress is Miss Maud Milton, who has done the round of the legitimate! I am not aware if Mr. Penley has played Hamlet or Othello, or if Mr. Charles Hawtrey has ever tried Romeo or Laertes; but certainly Miss Fanny Brough has played serious characters, and played them remarkably well. She was admirable as the heroine in an adapted Spanish play, "La Passionaria."

OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY AUGUSTUS CLAVERING, BART.
Sir Henry Augustus Clavering, Bart., died on Nov. 9, at his seat, Axwell Park, Blaydon-on-Tyne, in the county of Durham. By his death the baronetcy, which has existed since 1661, becomes extinct. Sir James Clavering, the first Baronet, who was a devoted Loyalist, was descended from the feudal barons of Warkworth and Clavering, in the time of King Henry II. The late Baronet was a Captain in the Royal Navy and also a barrister-at-law. He was born Aug. 30, 1824, and succeeded his cousin as tenth Baronet. Sir Henry married, Jan. 14, 1853, Christina, second daughter of Andrew Alexander, LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews, and had issue three daughters and coheiresses.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-General G. Courtenay Vials, C.B., at Teddington House, Teddington, on Nov. 10. He served with distinction in the Eastern campaign of 1853, with the 93rd Regiment, and also in the Indian Mutiny campaign of 1858.

Georgina, wife of Sir Augustus Warren, Bart., of Warren's Court, Cork, on Nov. 10. The deceased lady was eldest daughter of the Rev. John Blennerhasset, M.A., Rector of Ryme Intrinseca, Dorset, and niece of Mr. Arthur Blennerhasset, of Ballyscedy, M.P.

Colonel John Henry Randell, C.B., on Nov. 8. He was third son of the late Ven. Archdeacon Randell, of Berks.

Major-General Edward William Lloyd Wynne, late Grenadier Guards, of Coed Coch, Denbighshire, on Nov. 4. Major-General Lloyd Wynne was born Feb. 15, 1836, and was the only surviving son of Mr. John Lloyd Wynne, of Coed Coch.

We have received from Earl Nelson a letter concerning the ancient Leicestershire family of Babington, the former owners of Rothley Temple, Lord Macaulay's birthplace. His Lordship kindly informs us that this old family, mentioned in the history of the Elizabethan reign, is not yet extinct, which we are pleased to learn. The Rev. Thomas Arthur Babington is living, and his half-brother, the Rev. John Albert Babington, M.A., is at Tunbridge, Kent, we believe as second master of the grammar school. He has two sons. Another half-brother, Mr. Augustus Babington, is living, with one son. The name is, therefore, not likely to die out, though Rothley Temple passed by marriage to the descendants of Vice-Chancellor Parker. The auctioneers of the late sale of the property at Leicester, Messrs. Hampton and Sons, have requested us also to correct an error, copied from the daily papers. Twelve outlying lots of the estate were sold, but the interesting old manor-house, with the Templars' chapel and crypt, and with about 370 acres of land, including the gardens and park, is still in the market.

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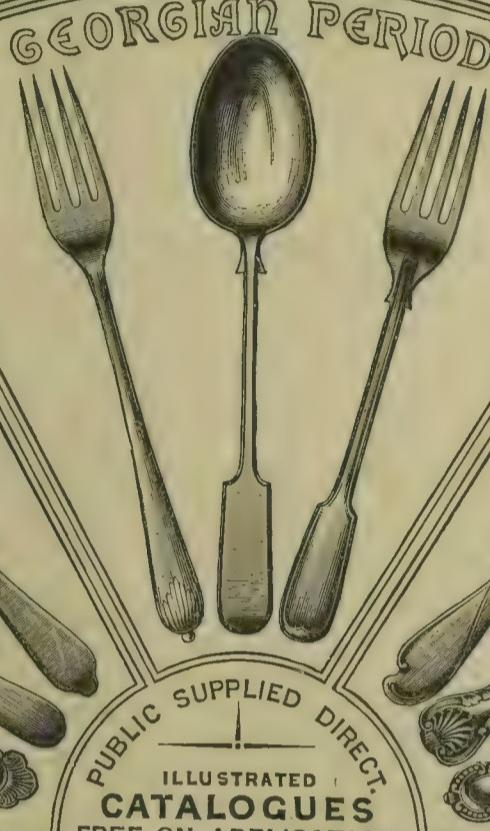
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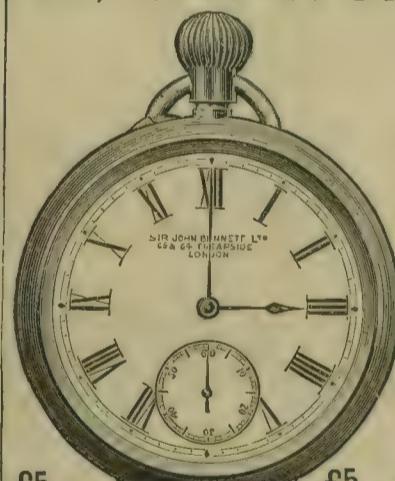
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Renfrew, of the trust disposition and settlement of Mr. Alexander Crum, merchant, in Glasgow, J.P., D.L., M.P., Renfrewshire, 1880-85, who died at Thornliebank, Renfrewshire, on Aug. 23, granted to James Graham, William Graham Crum, Alexander Crum MacLae, and George Gilbert Ramsay, the surviving and accepting executors nominate, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Ewing, and Walter Ewing Crum, and Alexander Stewart Crum, the sons, the executors assumed, was resealed in London on Oct. 31, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £105,000.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1891), with three codicils (dated Jan. 29 and March 21, 1892, and May 17, 1893), of Mr. Henry Horatio Wetenhall, late of 4, Copthall Buildings, the Stock Exchange, and The Poplars, Seven Sisters Road, who died on Aug. 11, at Southport, was proved on Nov. 2 by James Granville Wetenhall, the son, Miss Louisa Madelon Wetenhall, and Miss Hebe Anne Wetenhall, the daughters, and Augustus Harper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his sons James Granville and Edward Box; £3000, upon trust, for each of his daughters Louisa Madelon, Hebe Anne, and Fanny Maude; and some other legacies. There are also

specific gifts to each of his children, including all his bound copies of the "Course of Exchange" to his son James Granville. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth each to his sons James Granville and Edward Box, and his daughters Louisa Madelon and Hebe Anne; and one fifth, upon trust, for his daughter Fanny Maude.

The will (dated May 23, 1892), with two codicils (one bearing date the same day as the will, and the other Feb. 22, 1893), of Mrs. Anne Louisa Atkinson, late of 53, Cadogan Place, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Oct. 30 by Cecil Chaplin, the nephew, and Gerald Rivers Maltby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000, and all her furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, household effects and stores to her niece, Mrs. Henry Ruck Keene; £3000 to her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Maltby; £2000 to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Barbara Fanshawe; £1000 each to Muriel Chaplin, Sibyl Chaplin, Gladys Muriel Sinclair, and Mrs. Annie Barry; and liberal legacies to other of her relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to the said Cecil Chaplin and Gerald Rivers Maltby, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1877), with a codicil (dated July 7, 1890), of Mrs. Mary Wilmot Bradshaw, formerly of Lifton Park, Devon, and late of Rowden Hartley,

Plymouth, who died on Aug. 30, was proved on Oct. 28 by William Reinfred Arundell Harris Arundell, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testatrix gives legacies to Mary Chowen Fox, and to servants; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her brother, Mr. W. R. A. H. Arundell.

The will (dated July 30, 1888), with two codicils (dated Jan. 19, 1892, and Sept. 11, 1893), of Mr. Alexander Stewart, formerly of the Bombay Civil Service, and late of 2, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Oct. 31 by Charles Montague Duncan Stewart and Captain Douglas Grant Stewart, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his sister Mrs. Mary Isabella Macdonell; and there are specific bequests to each of his children. He exercises his powers of appointment under his marriage settlement and two family settlements; and declares that his testamentary dispositions are made having regard to the provisions already made for, and the circumstances of, his several children. As to the residue of his property, he gives one third each to his sons Charles Montague Duncan and Douglas Grant; and one third upon trust for his son Kenneth Trevor.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1879), with two codicils (dated July 13, 1882, and May 30, 1893), of Mrs. Jane Drummond,

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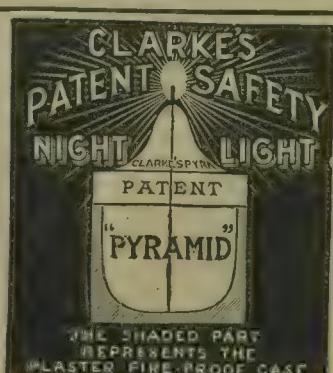
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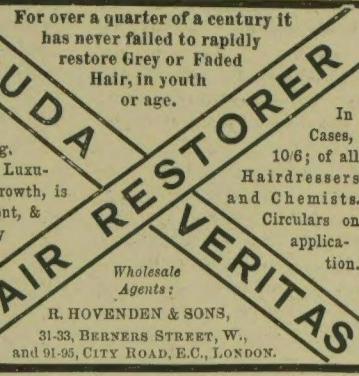
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late of 7, Queen Square, Bath, who died on Aug. 28, was proved on Oct. 27 by George Yuille Strang-Watkins, James Keyden, James Graham Girvan, and Archibald Francis Hamilton, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths an annuity of £200 to her husband, James Drummond (since deceased) for all the days and years of his life so long as he shall not enter into any other or subsequent marriage; £1000 to her nephew, David Leitch McAdam; £1000, upon trust, for her niece, Jane McAdam; £1000 each to Archibald Francis Hamilton and Dundas Orr Hamilton; £700 to her maid Harriet Brooks; and other legacies. She also bequeaths £100 each to the Blind Institution in Glasgow, the Convalescent Home of Glasgow in connection with the Royal Infirmary, the Society for the Relief of Indigent Gentlewomen of Scotland at Edinburgh, and the Home Mission Fund of the Established Church of Scotland; and £50 each to the Glasgow Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Royal United Hospital (Bath).

The whole residue of her means and estate she leaves to Margaret Janet Hamilton.

The will of Mr. George Ralph Gilbert, late of Dunolly, Torquay, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Nov. 3 by Mrs. Henrietta Louisa Wright, the daughter, and Charles Lund Fry Edwards, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7632.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Arthur John Bowdler Goodwyn, late of 20, St. James's Square, Bath, who died on July 17, were proved on Nov. 2 by Miss Elizabeth Goodwyn and Miss Teresa Constance Goodwyn, the nieces, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5927.

The will of Mr. Oliver Le Neve Foster, formerly of 65, Cadogan Square, and late of 35, Montpelier Road, Brighton, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Oct. 19 by Miss Mary Le Neve Foster, the sister, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2759.

The will of the Venerable Charles Gresford Edmondes,

formerly Archdeacon of St. David's, rector of St. Petrox with Stackpole Elidor, Pembrokeshire, late of Cheriton, Pembrokeshire, who died on July 18 at Tenby, was proved on Nov. 1 by Mrs. Emma Edmondes, the widow, and Charles Gresford Irving Edmondes, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6832.

The Duchess of Portland has promised to open the new Nurses' Residential Club at 17, Nottingham Place, W., on Dec. 6, at three o'clock. Nurses can be accommodated by the day or week at fixed charges. They can have separate rooms or cubicles, according to their tastes and means. There is a large general sitting-room for residents, and a recreation-room which will be open to all the club members. Here, for an annual subscription, they will be free to meet friends, have tea, &c. Private nurses who do not live in the house can arrange to have their letters received and forwarded by paying an annual subscription. The recreation-room will be maintained by the nurses' own subscriptions.

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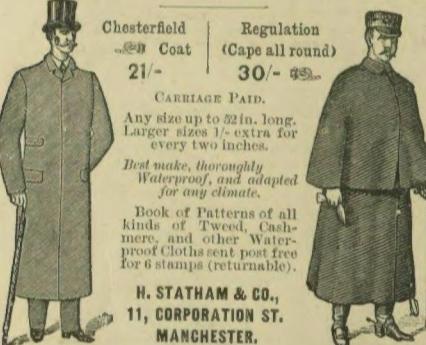
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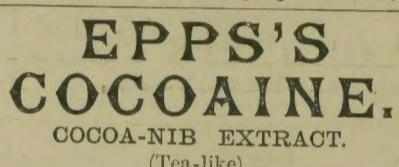
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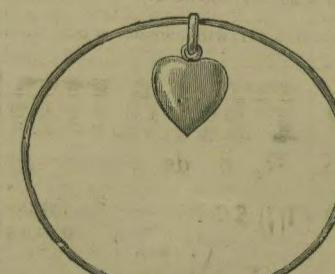
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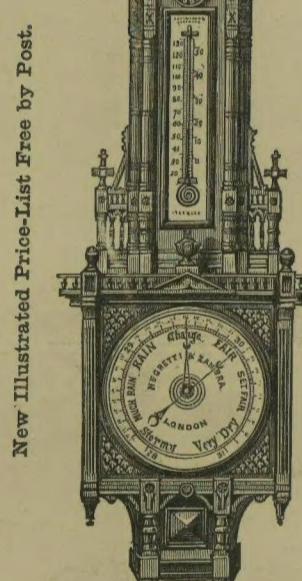
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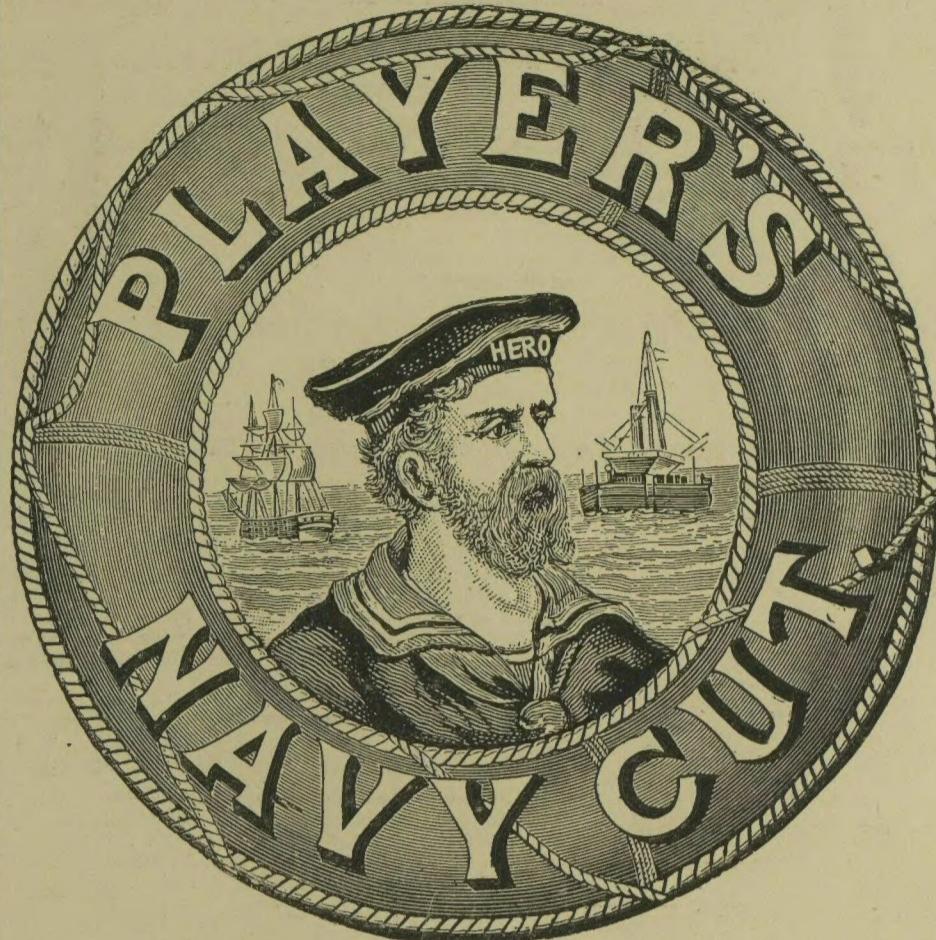
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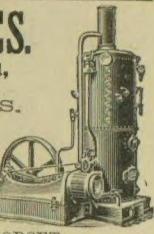
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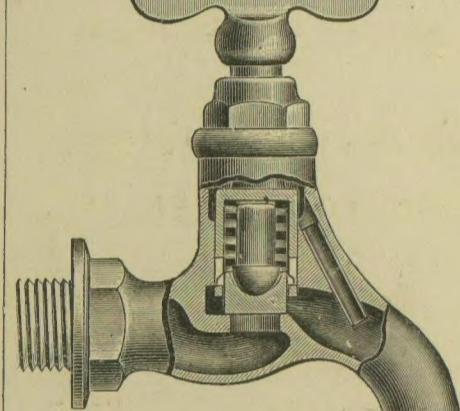


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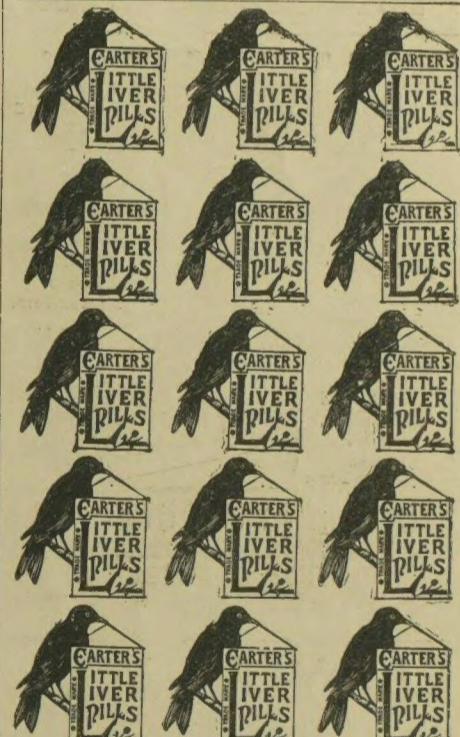


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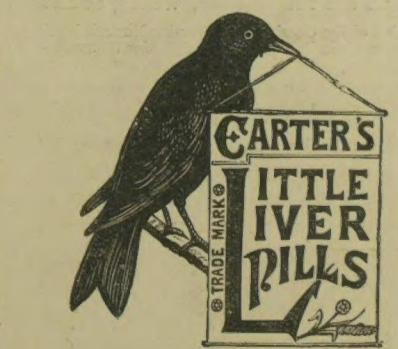
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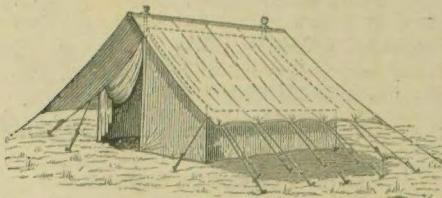


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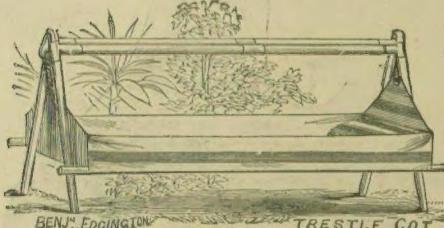
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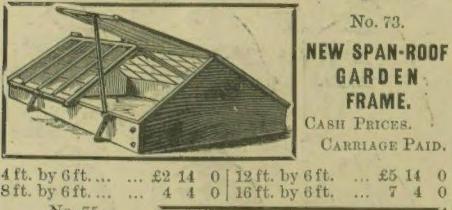


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